THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2388.

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THE DERIVATION OF "GENTLEMAN."—In the age of Valentinian, the converts to Christianity [illegible] ern Empire consisted chiefly of the middle classes in the towns. The agricultural population still adhered to the traditions and superstitions of their ancestors with such tenacity, that the word "Pagans," which literally signifies the inhabitants of the rural districts, became a generic name for all classes of idolaters. In the higher ranks, the Christians w[illegible] chiefly found among the officers of [illegible] who were for [illegible] unconnected with the patrician body, and owed their elevation either to their military services or to imperial favor. The old patrician families who have affected to trace their descent to the great aristocratic houses of the ancient republic—the "Gentiles," as they loved to call themselves—adhered to polytheism, which now alone afforded any external evidence of their hereditary rank; and hence "gentile-man," or "gentle-man," came to be used indifferently for a man of exalted birth or polished manners, and for one who rejected the truths of Christianity.—*Taylor's European Society.*

☞ A man advertises in the *Petites Affiches*, France, thus:—"A widower desires to meet with a young woman who has been reared in the school of adversity. He asks no other dowry than an expressive physiognomy and an imperturbable character. An entire ignorance of the piano preferred. No lady of literary tastes or English parentage need apply."

☞ Saw-dust, saturated with coal oil, placed at the foot of fruit trees, is said to be an effectual remedy against the curculio.

WEARY WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am weary, waiting for her coming,
Waiting in the parlor, at the entrance way,
Counting every hour, measuring every moment,
Wondering at her strange, untimely stay.

I saw her shadow ling'ring on the threshold,
Heard the footfall as often I have done,
On the step without the outer gate,
Still I am waiting, weary and alone.

And I've heard the rustle of her dress
On the lawn outside the parlor door,
For it waits and lingers there—the shadow,
But it never enters; never passes o'er.

The Spring birds sing in grove and garden,
And the wild bee plies its busy wing,
And the music fall of the distant fountain
Comes dancing on the gales of Spring;

Still I listen while I'm weary waiting
For the voice that's dead in dreamless slumber,
And the echo of her touch upon the keys
Wakes strange memories, marvelness in number.

And I dreamed I saw her crowned and robed
In palaced city far above the stars,
Waiting for the coming; for my coming,
Freed from all earth's travails, wails and wars.

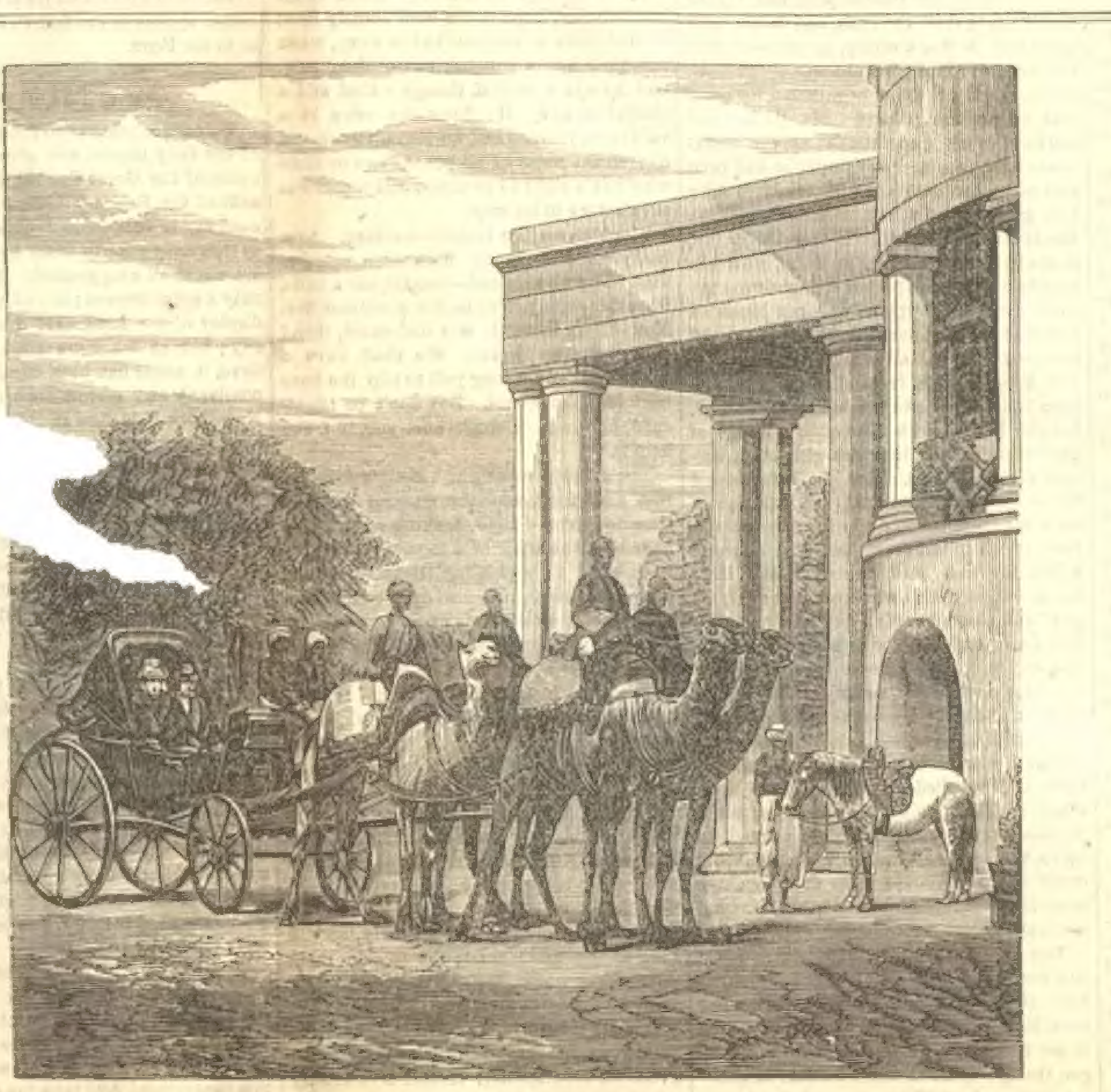
Oh, can deep-read mystic or living Sybil tell
Where dwells the spirit and the form
That casts the shadow on the step and carpet,
And sends whispers by the winds and storm?

For I'm waiting, weary waiting for her coming
As I watch the shadows chasing o'er the floor;
Looking for the coming of the lost and absent,
Watching at each opening of the door.

I have watched all seasons for her *coming*,
When the roses bloomed and March winds raved,
And winter's storms, and summer's thirsty breath;
These for her coming, all these I braved.

Oh, I have waited and wearied in my waiting,
Sitting saddened at my parlor door,
For the shadow that waits upon the threshold,
But never, oh never passes o'er.

EVERETT.



CAMEL-CARRIAGE USED BY THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAUB.

The above engraving represents the camel-carriage in the possession of Sir Robert Montgomery, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, India. As a means of travelling over the sandy plains that exist in the Punjaub, and particularly along the frontier of that province, where good roads are scarce, carriages drawn by camels are found to be of great service. These animals travel at an easy trot, and will go forty miles a day. The engraving is from a photograph taken at Government House, Lahore.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER III.

A CUB-HUNT.

"Slacken that curb-chain, Thomas, do you hear?—two links at least. The brute's in a lather already, with just coming round from the stable-yard to the front of the house. I declare I've half a mind to have him unsaddled again, the fidgety beast!" said Squire Mainwaring, as he stood, hunting-whip in hand, on the white stone steps in front of his broad hall-door, shouting out directions to the men who were bringing round the three ponies, Miss Mainwaring's bay mare, and the Squire's big brown horse with the white stockings. Mr. Mainwaring was a true Squire; not by any means so rich as his neighbor, George Darcy, but born and bred among country folks, and understanding their ways perfectly well. His sires before him had owned Stoke, with its gray house and spreading oaks, certainly not since the Conquest, but for a reasonable time—some three or four centuries. They had been respected and loved in their day, and so was the present master of Stoke, who was a good landlord and a kindly man; a large-bodied, honest-hearted gentleman, who was wretched when in London, wretched when abroad, wretched everywhere but on his own estate, where he knew every rood of ground and every human creature.

"He's only a little fresh, sir, just coming out of the stable," observed Thomas, as, with much trouble and coaxing, he got the pony's pretty head, all flecked with foam that flew from the champed bit, into the proper position, and was able to loosen the tight curb—"only a little fresh. Miss Kate can manage him, I'm certain."

Out came the Miss Kate alluded to, a sprightly, hazel-eyed romp of thirteen, and ran down the steps as quickly as her long habit-skirt would let her. The pony was her pet, used to her visits in the stable, and accustomed to eat apples and bread and sugar from the girl's hand; and she soon managed, by patting and soft words, to reduce him to obedience and good temper. The Squire still looked doubtfully at the fiery little brown nag which he had bought early in the summer for his daughter's riding. But Kitty was his favorite child, perhaps because she teased him most, and he had not the heart to balk her of the day's promised pleasure.

They rode off, then, along the lanes, where the yellowing leaves and sere grass told of autumn; where the red haws peeped forth from the green brier, and where the blackberries on the tangled brambles were crimson, or purple, or jetty, according as they faced the sun during the mellow September afternoons. First went the boys, ambling merrily along, and compelled to exercise much self-control that they might arrive at the meet with their steeds in good condition, as sportsmen should; for they and their father and sisters were bound to the cub-hunt, at which Aurelia, too, had declared her intention of being present. It was the first of the season, and Mr. Mainwaring was glad of the chance of shaking his old friend the Master by the hand, and had much to tell and learn respecting the young hounds of that season's entry, the three litters of young foxes on his own property, and the fine dog fox so unfairly trapped at Minching Farm.

First went the boys; and the Squire lingered behind, conversing on weighty bucolic matters with his bailiff, Hutch, who strode along beside his employer's horse, talking earnestly about the cattle bound for Warwick market. So Lucy and her younger sister rode together. Katherine was a giddy little thing, and her tongue was seldom idle, and on this occasion she chose to let it run almost entirely on her sister's affairs and prospects.

"Don't tell me," said the little maid in her most provoking manner—"don't tell me that Cousin Hastings comes over to Stoke just to see papa, and talk stupid politics; not a bit likely, I am sure. He hardly ever used to come near us when he was at home long ago, and I was in the nursery, and you were all *day* in the school-room with that dreadful old Miss Mann and the tiresome old globes. Didn't you hate the globes worst of all, Lucy? But I say, dear, when you are married, won't you give us lots of nice balls at Hollingsley, and have the house full of company, and ask me over to stay for ever so long, and make such a capital croquet-ground on the lawn, and have such fun? Hastings will let you do just what you like, I'm sure."

"Nonsense, Kitty dear," said Lucy, coloring, and vexed with herself for doing so at the mention of that name so often in her thoughts, and so seldom on her lips. "Mind what you are doing with that whip, Kate. Nick is dreadfully fidgety to-day, and it is not safe to make him rear and jump as you do."

But Kate's heart was void of fear. She rather enjoyed her pony's skittishness, and to tease her elder sister was the whim of the moment; so she went on tormenting Lucy on the score of their cousin—Mrs. Mainwaring had been an Honorable Miss Wyvil—their cousin Hastings, now Lord Lynn in the peerage of England, until Lucy, almost angry, insisted that no further word should be said upon the subject.

"I am vexed and hurt, Kate, that you should speak in this manner about Lord Lynn and myself. Pray, be silent; I will not hear one more word," said the elder of Mr. Mainwaring's daughters; and the reproof was a singularly austere one to come from sweet-tempered Lucy, who spoiled her younger brothers and sisters, as her parents declared, by giving way to their fancies in everything. But Lucy was serious in what she said. The subject of her cousin's presumed attachment to herself, which to flighty young Kate seemed a mere subject for jesting or castle-building, was one on which she could not endure to listen to flippant remarks. Ever since she had known Hastings Wyvil, Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in Her Majesty's Foot Guards, she had learned to think him something better and brighter than the untravelled young squirearchy of the country. Then he came home from the Crimea, wounded, and with high praise for his gallant conduct, and nobody admired him as Lucy did, young as she was; and before his wound was well healed, he was back in the trenches, at the work of war again; and when the war was over, he travelled far and wide.

Colonel Hastings Wyvil was vaguely heard of as living under tents in the deserts of Arabia and Persia, as shooting bisons on the prairies of North America, as very far up the Nile, and as very far north of everything except Laps, reindeer, and wild strawberries. But he did not come to the neighborhood of Stoke again till he came in attendance on his father's coffin, and, as chief mourner and sole heir, laid the old man to rest among the bones of bygone Wyvils, in Hollingsley chancel. Old Lord Lynn had died abroad, and Hastings's mother and sisters still resided, and meant to reside, away from England. For several years the dowager had never set *foot* in her stately home of Hollingsley Court, nor ever ventured nearer to our foggy climate than Vevay or Como. She could not breathe out of Italy in winter, or so she said; and her husband, much older than herself, had consented to spend the last part of his life south of the Alps, and had only come home to be buried among his own people. Then Hastings had perforce been sent for; and during the long months that he spent in Warwickshire after his father's death, and the consequent pressure of business, he had seen a good deal of his cousins, the Mainwarings, and had been much in Lucy's society. Rumor, in the county, had two tongues, one of which had already affianced the young lord to his kinswoman, Miss Mainwaring; while the other had published the bans of marriage between Lord Lynn and Aurelia, daughter of George Darcy, *ne* Hawks.

Scarcely had Lucy spoken, before Mr. Mainwaring, having finished his conference with Hutch, came up at a round trot, taking out his watch as he came.

"We must get on a little, girls, to make up for lost time," said the Squire in his deep hearty voice. "Time and tide wait for nobody, nor foxhounds either, Miss Kitty; so come along." And they pushed briskly on, in comparative silence, till they reached Cold Harbor Gorse, where the hounds were waiting, a mottled patch of moving forms, among the freshly-shorn stubbles that skirted the covert. Cold Harbor Gorse, with its eleven acres of broom and furze, verging on the thick plantations of Foller's Wood, was reckoned a sure find. Once fairly forced out into the open, Monsieur Reynard had no shelter nearer than the main earths at Cheriton.

A cub-hunt is not a very imposing affair, nor had the sport of this September morning attracted a large concourse. The amateurs were three farmers, a horse-dealer, a doctor, who knew that he was wanted at a union workhouse six miles off, and who grudged every minute's delay, two boys, under guidance of their papa's coachman, a *saucy-faced*, saucy-tongued knife-grinder on his donkey, barebacked, and a dozen farm-laborers. The M. F. H. wore a dark-green coat, brown boots, and knee-caps. The huntsman and whips were in pink, certainly, but they had donned the stained old scarlets that had been classed as No. 2 of their wardrobe the year before, and which were poor substitutes for the brilliant new cloth they would put on at the first lawn-meet in the late October. Of the hounds, a good many were raw young animals, sniffing foolishly down the furrows where some belated hare had brushed the dew on her passage, [illegible] only to be kept in order by much rating and whip-cord. And [illegible] horses ridden by the staff of the hunt were young horses, that were as new to the work, and as much in need of schooling as the hounds of that season's entry, horses that were on their promotion, and had to be "made" into hunters. It was like a theatre by daylight.

"Look, papa, here come a lot more people. Ever so many ladies—ain't it jolly!" cried Rowland Mainwaring, eagerly rising in his stirrups for a better view of the hats and feathers coming glancing up between the golden broom-plants and dark ash-trees.

"It's Miss Darcy on the chestnut, I know it is," chimed in Richard, the younger of the two Mainwaring boys.

Richard was right. Miss Darcy it was whose fair, calm face came first into view; and her companions were the Croft girls from Holton Rectory; one on a piebald pony, one on her father's sober Roman-nosed horse, quiet to ride and drive. Mrs. Fiathers—who called herself, on her cards, Mrs. Major Fiathers—a bony, large-featured, soft-hearted Milesian lady, on a weedy, well-bred mare, chaperoned the party; and Robert, Mr. Darcy's pad-groom, followed at a respectful distance. Mr. Darcy kept a pad-groom just as he kept up a staff of watchers for his preserves, but he never hunted, and seldom even attended a meet; nor did he much care for the couple of battues to which he invited his friends, and at which he rarely appeared with any weapon more murderous than a walking-stick. But Robert's place was not quite a sinecure; he had to open gates, widen gaps, and otherwise facilitate the progress of Miss Aurelia, who liked to follow the hounds, but was averse to risks.

Squire Mainwaring (he was so used to the rustic title that it seemed his due) turned from where he was chatting with the Master, who all the time had an eye on Ravager and Rattlepate, giving tongue, with juvenile rashness, at the mouth of a rabbit-furrow—and took off his hat to Miss Darcy and her friends; and bows and civil words of salutation passed current, but still the two parties did not coalesce. The Mainwarings knew and liked the Crofts; but they did not know Mrs. Fiathers, who had lately come to live in a stuccoed house that some speculative builder had erected close to Holton, and whose husband was reported to be in India, and to be irregular in sending home remittances. And though they knew Aurelia Darcy, they did not like her much—that is, not very much.

But now the hounds went charging at the fence, and crashing through the brushwood; and presently the plantation and gorse covert were musical with shrill yelp and long-drawn whine, the falsetto notes of the young recruits mingling with the cracking of whips, the chiding or cheering accents of human voices, and the deep earnest yowl of the experienced foxhounds. Lord Lynn was late in putting in an appearance; and the Master would not have given more than five minutes' law to all the peerage combined. A hoarse scream, and the words "Gone away!" eagerly repeated from lip to lip, followed by a rush of the foot-people, and a movement on that of the horsemen, took place as Lord Lynn came cantering up; and his groom bustled forward with the fine hunter that he had been walking up and down clear of the crowd. The young man seemed to hesitate for a moment, as he returned the greeting of the Master, as to which of the two parties he should join. A glance at Aurelia, as she sat, proud and pensive, on her pretty chestnut, with its arching neck and satin skin, seemed to decide him. He hastily mounted his own horse, and leaving the hack to the care of his groom, rode smilingly up to his cousins, shook hands with Lucy and her father, nodded good-humoredly to the rest, and was turning off toward Aurelia. But Kitty's brown pony, a hot-tempered brute, up to three times her weight, and excited by the noise and stir, had begun to swerve, and plunge, and fling, and finally refused to pass through the white plantation gate that a plough-lad was holding open for the accommodation of the company.

"Do, pray, take care of her; pray, don't leave her!" exclaimed Lucy, a great deal more alarmed for her sister's safety than Kate herself; and as Mr. Mainwaring had cleared the low hedge at the further end of the coppice, and was out of sight, a much less good-natured person than Lord Lynn must have stopped at that appeal. But by the time he had got the rebellious little animal fairly through the gateway, and Kate had regained the mastery over her self-willed favorite, Aurelia, following her old friends, had vanished among the yellowing leaves of the plantation.

Presently Mr. Mainwaring fell back from

the side of the M. F. H.; and as he was there to take care of his daughters, and, moreover, as Nick was behaving well once more, Lord Lynn was able to press on towards where the hounds were in full-cry after a fine cub-fox that doubled and twisted, and went up and down the wind for short bursts of speed, always finishing by a bolt back to cover, as cub-foxes will do. Thus it befell that the chase, which had first promised well for a brisk run in the open, degenerated into a mere scramble through many acres of saplings and half grown timber, that the field was scattered, and that Lord Lynn found himself alone, somewhere in Fuller's Wood, with the cry of the hounds dying away in the distance. Alone—yes; but at a hundred yards' distance, in the grass-grown ride, across which the branches of the hazels interlaced, with rich clusters of unripe green nuts, he saw a hat and waving feather, and in a moment more he was by the side of Aurelia Darcy.

"Are you lost too?" asked Aurelia, with her clear low laugh, turning in her saddle as she heard the beat of hoofs upon the sward. "It is really too absurd," she added. "Jane Croft's pony could not get over the ditch, coming back from that great turnip-field where the fox was headed back, so I left Robert to show her the way round by the meadows, and get her safely through the gaps; and Mrs. Flathers chose to stop too. I thought myself very wise and courageous for striking out a path for myself; and here I am, after all."

There she was, certainly, and very well she looked, to Lord Lynn's fancy—not in the least flushed or dishevelled, after all the galloping; but as calm, and statuesque, and serenely fair, as if she and her admirably-trained chestnut—one of those horses, invaluable for ladies' hunting, that never make a mistake—had *not* brushed through over-hanging boughs and crackling brushwood. How coolly she took it, too, that fact of being lost. There was nothing affected or missyish about her, Lord Lynn thought.

"There—I heard the hounds again for a moment," said Aurelia, bending her stately head to listen; "perhaps, if we go to the left, we may fall in with them yet."

But when they emerged from the wood, it was upon a wild stretch of common that they found themselves, where nothing intersected the spare turf and straggling furze-clumps except the half-obliterated tracks of cart-wheels—tracks made the winter before, and more than half-filled up with grass and dead leaves. Not so much as a cheer or the yelp of a hound could be heard; the chase was out of sight and hearing; however, Lord Lynn imagined that some distant land-marks—a mill and a group of plumy black firs close beneath it—were not unknown to him. Aurelia had no recollection of them, but she was content to take the fact of their whereabouts upon trust.

"You must be my guide, after all," she said quietly; but her rich voice was full of music, and her queenly simplicity of manner was dangerously fascinating. Lord Lynn could not restrain himself from uttering some words, high flown, but more than half serious, as to the happiness which it would be to him to be her guide always, through life, in fact; and as the young man's heart warmed at the sound of his own words, a direct avowal of attachment seemed trembling on his lips, when up clattered the two Mainwaring boys, very muddy, a good deal scratched by brambles, but detestably exultant and communicative with regard to their own prowess. It was a trial, a great trial, for Aurelia's patience just then, when the best-looking bachelor in Warwickshire had been within an ace of offering her a coronet and fourteen thousand a year, to have to listen smilingly to the boasts of those boys: how Rowland's pony had rolled over with him in three wet ditches; how Richard's had been down twice on ploughed land; had cleared a hurdle, and crushed through a bull-finch as black as his hat, and so forth. But though the white hand in the pretty gauntlet was clenched upon the gold-mounted whip, Aurelia behaved beautifully, and betrayed no vexation in look or tone.

Then up came Robert the groom on his foaming horse, having ridden hard and boldly in search of his young mistress; and as Robert knew the country well, he pointed out the right way, and the cavalcade left the common by a deep lane between glistening holly hedges. Aurelia rode beside Lord Lynn, but they did not talk much; the broken thread of their late conversation was not one easy to piece together, as matters stood. The boys hung back, bragging to Robert of the perils they had faced; and their loud voices and laughter, with the tramp of the horses, reached the ears of a wayworn, poorly-clad traveller, who lay resting half a sleep among the brown fern of the bank. The traveller scrambled up the bank and crouched there, hidden by the tangled growth above; and Aurelia did not see the pale haggard face—a face to haunt a sleeper's dreams—that watched her as she rode past, stealthily, but with something of a wild beast fury in the eyes. But nobody saw the face, and Aurelia rode on, with a heart that beat somewhat quicker than usual, by Lord Lynn's side. When they got to Kinghorn Bridge, where two roads meet, they found a group of riderless horses, and a number of persons on foot and horseback, collected round the blacksmith's forge.

"An accident has happened to one of the young ladies out with the hounds to-day," said a farmer in answer to Lord Lynn; "one of Squire Mainwaring's daughters, I believe it is, that was thrown. Anyhow, they've gone for the doctor, and she's lying on the bed inside here, very badly hurt indeed."

CHAPTER IV.

A HAPPY HIT.

It was poor Kitty Mainwaring. She had been thrown at last by her four-footed pet, Nick; indeed, the vicious pony had reared madly up against the curb, and fallen back upon her. It was a mercy, people said, that she was not killed; but she was much hurt, and they did not know how much, for there was no surgeon at hand. Mr. Barker had started for his appointment at the work-house long ago, and a whipper-in had been sent to try and overtake him; another rider had gone off at speed to Patcham Cross Roads for Mr. Killick. So there Kitty lay, in the bed in the room up stairs, with her muddy and torn habit streaming across the patchwork counterpane, and her loosened hair flowing dark over the white pillow, and her poor little hat all crushed and broken, still hanging by a tress of hair. She had been faint at first, and was in much pain now, but she bore it with that quiet courage of passive endurance, in which girls often surpass their brothers. Her big, soft-hearted father was half distracted; he was one of those men whose very pity for a loved sufferer seems to unnerve them, and he stood beside the bed with one of Kate's little hands between his own muscular ones, his grief and alarm bursting out now and then into a sob, such as only a strong man in sorrow can give, and such as is more impressive than the loudest wailing. The Squire blamed himself. He ought to have known better than to have let Kate ride that dangerous brute; it was all his fault. If she died—if Kitty died—he should have murdered his child, so he felt: and how could he face her mother—he should never hold up his head again. What could he do? What could he do? Would those doctors never come! He would go himself; but he could not leave Kitty.

The Squire, though a fond father, was a bad nurse, but Lucy was tender and helpful too. It was Lucy who had sprung from her own horse without help, for the first time in her life, and, with total disregard of danger, though by no means a heroine in general, had dragged Kitty clear of the frightened, floundering animal that had caused the mischief. It was on Lucy's shoulder that her sister's head had rested in the first few minutes of half-incredulous panic, while means were being sought to construct a rude hand litter of a hurdle strewed with branches; and it was Lucy who now bent over the poor child, tenderly washing away the blood from the shallow cut that a sharp flint had made on her left temple, and arranging the pillow under her head, and she lay with her bright little face pinched and wan with pain.

"My poor Kitty, my poor dear Kate, and I that was so harsh to you too!" said Lucy, with self-upbraidings for the unkindness with which, as she considered, she had received her thoughtless young sister's blithe talk, hours ago.

"It served me right, Lucy, and I love you," said Kitty, faintly. "Is that papa that's so sorry? Don't let him, Lucy. I don't mind it much."

But it was evident that the girl was in very great pain.

"It's my shoulder—my shoulder is the worst," was all she could say, in a weak voice, as Lucy moistened her lips, and tried to get her to swallow a few drops of brandy, but could not.

Such was the sight of which Lord Lynn and Aurelia Darcy got a glimpse, through the crowded doorway. Lord Lynn was fond of his young cousin, of all his cousins, and he was much shocked, and would have ridden willingly to the world's end for help, but all assured him that Mr. Barker or Mr. Killick must soon arrive. He got a little more than a glance at Lucy's face, so transfigured by pure pity and loving care, that he thought she had never before looked so beautiful. She was not beautiful generally, only pretty, a modest, honest hearted English girl, with truthful brown eyes. But the room was cleared of most of the bystanders, at Lucy's entreaty, that Kitty might have more air. And Lord Lynn looked at Aurelia, who was beautiful, royally beautiful, and for a moment he doubted which of those two women would in very truth be the better wife for one who prized honor and tenderness as he did. Yet Aurelia behaved very well—very well; she made no parade of sympathy or sorrow, or even of that impressibility which makes many of us prone to weep when others are in grief. Such a demonstration would have been out of tune with her character, and she was not likely to commit a solecism. But the few questions she asked were grave and sensible, as well as kind; and the few words of gentle regret which she uttered were spoken with an unobtrusive hopefulness that won her the good-will of those around. Then she slipped away, and at the door of the forge beckoned to Robert, and said something to him in a low tone. Robert remounted, and went spurring off at a pace that would hardly have pleased Mr. Darcy, who was querulously particular about his horses.

A long time passed—really a long time when counted by minutes and hours, but an intolerable, weary time to those about the sufferer's bed. Several of the bystanders had dropped off, but curiosity had attracted others. Still, no doctor arrived.

At last there was a roll of wheels and the quick tread of a horse, and Mr. Killick came tearing up in his high gig, as fast as the big raw-boned gray could go. Almost every one was glad that he, and not his rival, Mr. Barker, was the first to reach the spot. There was hope in the very sound of his honest voice, hope in his bluff homely face; he had been a surgeon in the navy, when the navy was a rougher school than now, and he was a rugged, though a kind and a skillful healer. He flung the reins to a volunteer, jumped out, hurried up stairs, and cleared the room of all but the two or three who had a right to be there. His report was satisfactory in its way.

"Scratch on the temple—nothing. Arm badly bruised—young flesh soon recovers that. Thumb sprained—painful, but a trifle. Shoulder—ah, you've let the muscles stiffen. You didn't know it was dislocated, then? So much the worse. We shall have a strong pull and a long pull to slip the bone back into the socket. But don't be frightened, my dear. I won't hurt you, if I can help it."

The surgeon was right. Kitty's shoulder was dislocated, and the muscles had had time to become rigid, making what might have been the affair of a moment a very serious task, in which no slight force and leverage were required to overcome the resistance. It was done at last, and without one needless pang to the patient, for the ex-naval surgeon was as tender of heart as he was rough in speech. But the squire's heart bled for the necessary pain which his daughter endured, and it was almost a relief when Kitty fainted for the second time.

"And now to get her home, as smoothly and as fast as you can. She must keep her bed for a few days, and I may as well call and see her this evening; but rest and good nursing are better for her than drugs. I'll tell the coachman to drive slowly, and to keep to the main road; the ruts in those sandy lanes would torture her, poor thing. Where's the carriage?"

Where, indeed? Mr. Killick's question only stung the Squire into blaming himself afresh for his stupidity. He had been so busy thinking of Kitty's pain and possible danger, that he had made no provision for transporting her home. Carts and gigs were out of the question; yet there was nothing on springs and four wheels within miles. More delay must ensue, while a messenger rode to Stoke; and Mrs. Mainwaring would receive an exaggerated account of the mischief done into the bargain.

As the Squire was groaning over this fresh blunder, up dashed an open barouche, and drew up at the door of the blacksmith's house. The horses were in a lather of heat and foam; the carriage, admirably built, was easily hung on delicate springs, and it was well stored with cushions, pillows, shawls, all sorts of paraphernalia, hastily impressed into the service. The Darcy arms were on the panels. Aurelia came gliding into the room again.

"I am so glad they lost no time," she said. "James is a very careful, good coachman, and I am sure he will take great pains, now, to get poor Miss Kate home safely."

Lucy looked joyfully up.

"Did you send for your own carriage—for Kitty! How good of you."

They brought the poor girl very tenderly down the stairs, and placed her in the carriage, with her head resting on Lucy's shoulder, and Lucy's patient arm round her. But before the Squire got into the carriage, he took Aurelia's hand and kissed it, and his eyes were not dry.

"God in Heaven bless you, you are an angel!" said Mr. Mainwaring with all his heart, and with a conscience that smote him as he remembered that he had had but a poor opinion of this girl—so thoughtful and simply kind. The carriage drove off. Lord Lynn looked admiringly at Aurelia. She had a heart, he thought, as well as more brains than fall to the lot of most of her sex. Mrs. Flathers having resumed her chaperonship, he had little opportunity of speaking to Miss Darcy alone, but the lingering pressure of his hand and the whispered "Good-bye, *Aurelia!*" were expressive enough. He had never before called her by that name.

Aurelia's reflections, as she rode home, were pleasant ones. She had played her cards well. That was a happy hit about the carriage—a very good idea indeed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An exchange says that a New York and Massachusetts regiment were encamped together on the Rapidan, and that a wholesome rivalry existed between them. A revival suddenly broke out in the Massachusetts regiment, and twelve were baptized. The New York colonel looked savage when he heard of it, and roared out—"Adjutant, have seventeen men detailed for baptism. I'll be hanged if that Massachusetts regiment shall beat us."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

THE GREAT FAIR.

We cannot pretend to follow the example of the daily papers, and give a detailed account of the Great Central Fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. All we need say is that those accounts, high-flown as they may read to sober men and women, are not at all exaggerated. The Fair is not only a great success; not only is it the finest display of the kind ever attempted in this city; but, as we have good reason to believe, it never has been equalled continent, and seldom abroad. New York Fair, fine as it sally admitted, friends themselv with this great Central and gracefulness of ge, the taste of the decoration acies of use and luxury the beautiful gallery of paintings, the arms and artillery and multitudinous flags, combined with the moving throngs, make up a splendid whole that is not often seen in a lifetime.

The Horticultural display is particularly fine. It is a scene of enchantment that breaks upon the gazer's delighted vision. It is a leaf out of the Arabian Nights. It is the fabled Persian garden of roses. And especially at night, when jets of fire and water combine to produce a shower of glittering diamonds, one might think he was in some enchanted dome of fairy land—and perhaps if he was young, might think these white-armed, fair-faced beings around him were the fairies themselves.

To all of our readers therefore, in town or country, who possibly can make it consist with their arrangemements to visit the Fair, we say go, by all means. Probably nothing of the kind will be seen again in this generation. And take the children—for it will be a thing to remember and to talk about until their dying day. If you can afford to buy a season-ticket, do so; because it is almost impossible to see everything at one view. If time does not fail you, strength and eye sight will. We were three hours on the first day, and did not begin to see things. The Dutch Kitchen, the William Penn Parlor, the Curiosity room, the Arms and Trophies, the Children's Entertainment room with Signor Blitz as Master of Ceremonies—and then the Gallery of Paintings, containing the best pictures from the Boston and New York exhibitions, with hundreds of others, and said to be the finest gallery ever exhibited on this side of the Atlantic.

But go and see for yourselves, and then thank us for using the words of simple truth and soberness, and advising you even for your own sake, if not for that of the soldiers, to

GO TO THE FAIR.

AMERICAN LADIES.

A recent English traveller in the United States says of the American ladies:—

> The unnatural length and ridiculous smallness of their waists baffle description. A waist that could be spanned is an English metaphorical expression used in a novel, but it is an American fact; and so alarming does it appear to an Englishman, that my first sentiment on viewing the phenomenon was one of pity for the unfortunate being, who might possibly break off in the middle, like flowers from the stalk, before the evening concluded. Not less extraordinary is the size of the ladies' arms. I saw many which were scarcely thicker than moderate-sized walking-sticks. Yet, strange to say, when these ladies pass the age of forty, they frequently attain an enormous size. The whole economy of their structure is then reversed, their waists and arms becoming the thickest parts of their body. Here is a subject worthy the consideration of the ethnologist. How comes it to pass that the English type—which, I presume, has not in every case been so affected by the admixture of others as to lose its own identity—how comes it to pass, I say, that the English type is so strangely altered in a few generations? I have heard various hypotheses—among others, the habits of the people; the dry climate. The effect of the latter on a European constitution would have appeared to be sufficient to account for the singular conformation, if I had not been persuaded by natives of the country that the small waist is mainly owing to tight lacing. This practice, it is said, is persevered in to an alarming extent; and, if report be true, it is to be feared that the effects will be felt by future generations to a greater degree than they are at present.

That there is some truth in the above, as to the thinness of the waists and arms of very many American ladies, is hardly to be denied; but as to said waists and arms growing to an enormous size when the ladies pass the age of forty, that is a sad blunder. Occasionally, of course, such a thing happens; but generally the women of America, as they advance in years, do not become very stout. The truth is that the women of America as a general thing, overwork themselves both mentally and bodily, and the results are what might be naturally expected. It is very unusual to keep in a family as many domestics as persons in the same circumstances keep in England. Americans spend much more proportionately upon their houses, furniture and dress, and much less on their servants and (probably) on their food. Besides, total abstinence is the almost universal rule for womankind in America, so far as the daily drinking of fermented liquors is concerned; and, as a very general fact, the American ladies have not appetite and digestion for an amount of solid food at all in proportion with the immense amount of work of all kinds they are expected to accomplish. As a general thing, they cannot eat enough. It is no marvel, therefore, that they grow thin and spare. The dry climate may also have something to do with it—but we are confident that the above are the main reasons. Too much work and worry, in the first place. Then deficiency of appetite, and too little consumption of food. Then increased nervous derangement—and so on, often from bad to worse.

"leafy J longer g of Spri of joy, and yet betray gering fear of sudden chilling blast or wintry snow. Now the song swells clear, melodious, confident and strong, until through all the shady groves and woodlands rings a loud triumphant chorus, and the summer air grows tremulous with the jubilant matins or the solemn vesper hymn of Nature's thrilling choir. Down deep in the forests, from among the thickly-growing ferns and the trailing vines, comes up the murmuring chorus of the waters, low, tender and trembling, as though the swelling bosom held a solemn joy too deep for utterance. Far in the damp, dark marshes sits a dismal old bachelor frog, who, from his miry palace, chants in slow refrain—

Alone! alone!
No penance can the past atone.
Alone! alone!

Thus Nature's chorus is complete. Soprano, alto, bass, mingles the delightful harmony—ringing through dreamy, delicious June.

It is the sweet, tender maidenhood of the year. Last March the infant life broke through the icy barriers that bound it, and struggled into feeble existence. It passed through April childhood—alternate smiles and tears chasing each other in rapid succession across the brow. The youth of May, with its busy seed-sowing, its out-door recreation, the earnest commencement of life's duties, its thoughts, its dreamings, its hopes of the future, its gradual development, has shed a tender light about her, and now, on the verge of maturity, stands the sweet-voiced maiden—June.

Beautiful June! The blush of opening roses rests on her cheeks—the azure of Heaven dwells in her eye. Radiant sunlight is her golden hair. The odor of spices is upon her gentle breath—the luscious berry is her tempting mouth. Grace is in every motion, and every change develops new and radiant beauty.

Innocent, untried June!

Just on the verge of active summer life she stands, and all unconscious of the hot, scorching sun of trial, which shall come to develop the sweet fruits now lying dormant 'neath her beauteous blossoms, "she shall drink the heat before she knows her nature or her strength. When shall she bring forth to the uttermost the treasures of her bosom? For there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them." M. E. B.

☞ ECONOMY.—It is calculated that if all the people of the nation would practice economy, a sum of $500,000,000 a year would be saved and added to the productive wealth of the country. It is probable that the health and morals of the people would be correspondingly improved.

☞ The *calata*, a shrub which abounds in Guiana, South America, affords a juice which is said to be superior to gutta percha for many purposes, but especially as a material for insulating telegraphic wire. The milk or juice is drinkable, and used by the natives with coffee. It coagulates quickly when exposed to the air, and almost immediately when precipitated by alcohol, which dissolves the resin of the *calata* juice. All articles made with gutta percha can be made with this sap, and it has no disagreeable smell. When worked up it becomes supple as cloth and more flexible than gutta percha.

☞ It is awfully hard for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over. They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it.

☞ It is said that an army officer bet $100, in Washington, the other day, that Grant will eat his Fourth of July dinner in Charleston, having first taken Richmond.

THE LONDON CONCERT

How they commence the entertain I don't know, for I have never been arrive early enough; but just as I e lady in a pink dress rises from the makes two elaborate "cheesecakes withdraws. Immediately it is wh about, the "chairman" having been by somebody close under his chin to that we are to have an "operatic sele (this is only at the "superior" halls) we do have an "operatic selection," rably performed and conducted, as I have been informed by a really good musician, my companion, and as the vociferous applause (had I any confidence in it) of the audience would assure me. But I have an idea that the applause of the audience is in proportion, so far as the singing ladies are concerned, to the loudness not only of their voices but of their dresses. This applies, perhaps, only to the way in which their entrance is greeted; at which time I am c fident that the heartiness is in strict pr tion to the quantity and color of skirt, &c., displayed by each lady, so that, ppears with a

the g approach they vessel, the agony they can m press in their faces, the agility with w they throw out their arms without hit the *prima donna*, and the energy with which they declaim anything (as, for instance, in "Faust," and "Marta") in praise of that corner-stone of the music-hall—beer. After the selection, various solo songs are sung. Perhaps a lady, whose voice it would be difficult to classify, declares that—

> "Amstead is the place to ruralize,
> Ri-ti-turalize, extramuralize, &c.,

or a gentleman, whose "organ" cuts like a knife, screams out a song about "Isabella, with a gingham umbrella," or about "A young man from the country," or about "A dark girl dressed in blue;" goes into recitative upon the subject of a supposed dinner-party where something is discovered to be "high:" describes the effect upon the guests with a power of pantomime enough to make you ill for a month; and ends up by jumping into the air, throwing out his arms and legs, and imitating, in fact, the motions of one of those card-board figures which little boys delight to throw into contortions by means of a string. This performance is highly popular among the "million."

More popular still is a musical (?) performance in which a little boy or little girl of tender age is the performer. The smaller the size, the tenderer the age, and the later the hour, the more delighted, of course, are the audience, for it is so much more incongruous. A little girl is always preferred, because, it is said, little girls have so much less "ingenuous shame" than little boys, take naturally to all kinds of coquettish airs, and have an innate tendency to "show off." However that may be, the sight of a little girl, of extremely tender years (at the time when she ought to have been four hours, at least, in bed), rehearsing all the antics she has been taught, is sure to "bring down the house," at any rate the part of it where Anglicans is. "Oh! the pooty little darlin'," she exclaims, "I should so like to give her a kiss." "An-chor," she cries, regardless of the "little darlin's" health, in womanly delight at her precocious archness, when the "little darlin'," in jockey's costume, has sung and danced ungirlishly, or equipped as a milkman has cape ogled the company as she lisped the words

> Oh! but she is beautiful as a butterfly,
> And proud as a queen,
> One pretty Polly Perkins,
> Of Pahd-ding-ton Green,

(or something to that effect).—*London Paper.*

☞ CURIOSITY OF VISION.—A person may see the blood-vessels of his eye, displayed as it were on a screen before him, by a most simple experiment. Let a lamp or candle be held in one hand, and the eye directed steadily forward; now move the lamp up and down, or sideways, on one side of the line of vision; in a short time an image of the blood-vessels will present itself, like the picture of a tree or shrub, with its trunk and branches, to the admiration of the observer.

☞ Switzerland, already so rich in beautiful scenery, has had a new feature added to its wonders of nature. Near St. Maurice, in the Canton de Vaud, a grand crystal cavern has been discovered, at which one arrives by a boat on a subterranean lake. The cavern lies 400 metres, or 1 300 feet below the surface of the earth, and is said to be beautiful beyond description.

☞ The sourest cider in the world is made from the apples of discord.

☞ KOSSUTH'S WIFE.—Kossuth's wife is suffering from cancer. The Dictator scarcely ever leaves the bedside of his wife, and shows the deepest mental distress, as well as tender solicitude, for the sufferer.—*Court Journal.*

ARY COMMISSION D

OMEN'S PENNSYLVAN
1307 Chestnut St., P

MR. CALEB COPE, '
R. Corner Sixth and M

ommittee on Corr

'. H. GRIER, Ch'n.
H. MOORE, Cor. Sec.
ORGE PLITT, Rec. Sec.
: M. CLAPP, Asst. Sec.
W. H. FURNESS.
LATHROP.
M. M. DUANE.

The Sanitary Commission in

The following letter will be read with [illegible] est:

CAMP NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA,
Friday, May 20, 1864.

Dear Mrs. ———:—You have, I suppose, by this time received a letter giving an account of a trip I had just made to Belle Plain, with reference to the relief work of the Commission in the field.

I left Washington again on Tuesday morning, and reached Belle Plain in company with Mrs. G., of army hospital fame, and of Mr. C., of Washington, and others; there feeding and ministering to the ghostly crowds that were lifted out of the constantly arriving ambulance trains into the boats assigned to convey them to the hospitals in Washington. I passed to the hospital tents "on the hill," a little way from the dock, two long parallel rows of them, commencing on one side with the kitchen and feeding lodge of the Sanitary Commission, whence they were without trouble constantly supplied with hot coffee and beef tea, iced water and lemonade, milk punch, wines and stimulants, farina, and whatever else, in the way of prepared sustenance, was needed. Bedding, clothing, sponges, towelling, bandages, lint, utensils of all kinds, and whatever else is required in a sick tent were bountifully dispensed by Dr. Knapp, of long experience in the Peninsular campaign and elsewhere, and his assistants, from the store barge, a few yards off, alongside the dock, which barge is continually replenished by steamers from Washington, to the amount of some 50 tons a day. The steamer on which our people principally relied during the Peninsular campaign, the Elizabeth, has become a household word among Sanitarians; and I may here mention that (true to all the experience of the Commission, whether as regards the intelligent collectors and forwarders or the inanimate vehicles of supplies, that the feminine element is their main support) the name of this boat is the Ma[illegible] F. Rapley.

It was an hour after midnight before I had gone the rounds of the hospitals, and then I had the satisfaction of leaving most of them comfortably sleeping, after the refreshment of having their hunger and thirst assuaged, their wounds dressed, and above all, perhaps, the cessation of their horrible journey over the rutty hills and interlying swamps between the battle-fields and their present place of rest. By 6 o'clock the next morning (after a night mainly occupied, so far as I was concerned, in strenuous efforts to go to sleep in the midst of the hubbub, and involuntary listenings to the extraordinary remarks of the contrabands, who kept up a constant stream of boxes, barrels, conversation and guffaws past the place where I lay on deck) we began the journey to Fredericksburg ourselves, in empty returning ambulances, and as the hours and our bruises increased, we had an opportunity of realizing the probable suffering of wounded men undergoing such an ordeal. But the fault is in the roads, not the vehicles. Arriving at Fredericksburg in the middle of the day, we found it one vast hospital. Its principal street is a mile or more in length, with parallel and cross streets; and nine out of ten of the houses and shops, and all the churches and public buildings that are not demolished by shells or riddled by bullets, are filled with wounded men. Even the store occupied by the "embalmers of the dead," has many living subjects among the dead ones. * * * * A few doors from the house in which Washington's early days were passed, and the garden of which was, I presume, the scene of the cutting of the first tree by his juvenile hatchet, Dr. Douglas, Chief of Inspection, and the volunteers ladies and gentlemen, who so zealously assisted in the good work, have their quarters, and thither, on the day I was there, a number of patients requiring the constant supervision of some of them had been removed. Through the open windows of the restrooms floated the odors of early summer to the patients within; and those, whose cool pallets are in the wide hall—with its old-fashioned panelling of wood meeting the wooden back cornice of the ceiling, look out through the open back door upon a wilderness of roses, a large basketful of which has just been distributed to the poor fellows (most of them grasping at them more eagerly than at the milk-punch) by one of the kind-hearted gentlemen of our party. The roses came from the owner of the house, a widowed gentlewoman, who sighs that such evil days should have fallen on the close of her eighty years pilgrimage, and like Washington's mother, thinks that it may be perhaps a grand thing to be a great general, but that for her part she thinks that Lee and Grant had both much better be at home attending to their farms than engaged in such dreadful doings. The North and South have lived in peace all these years, she says, and why can't they continue to do so? * * * * Around the corner, is the storehouse of the Commission, besieged every day on the arrival of our wagon loads of supplies—generally some twenty—from the base, with such crowds as compel an officer of the Commission to enter by a back way, if he wants to get in without waiting for an hour or two. Next door to this is a large store used as a hospital by one of our volunteer ladies; and at the back, conveniently accessible both to supplies and patients, is the tent she uses to cook in. A door or two off is a shop used as an office by the relief force, of which there are at present distributed throughout the Army of the Potomac some two hundred members under the superintendance of Mr. Fay, of Massachusetts, a volunteer throughout the war in such work. Several other ladies, and a number of physicians from civil life, have charge of hospitals in different parts of the town, under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission, and our relief agents zealously

[illegible] to his mother himself, and tell her that he is safe from the effects of his wound, and ask her to pray that he may be spared in future battle and live to rejoin her and his sisters and brothers in their happy Wisconsin home, when his time is out.

Further down the town, and near the unfinished tomb of Washington's mother—standing ostensibly as a monument to her worth, but practically as a monument to the genius of the universal Yankee nation for chipping and whittling—is a large, old-fashioned mansion, rich in paneled wainscoting, carved wooden chimneys, plaster arabesqued ceilings and tablets and landscaped wall paper. In one of its rooms lies a grey-haired man, looking dreamily out through the open window, by which his palet is set, on a beautiful lawn thickly shaded with fine old trees, which slope down to the swampy meadow and heights beyond—the soil of which drank up so much precious blood in the terrible charge of Dec. 1862. Perhaps the fair scenery before him is like that on which he has so often looked from the porch of his quiet home, on his far-off, little, Vermont farm. But he will never look on it again, at least with his earthly eyes. He will never again look at the rising of the sun, even—which is now with its setting beams gilding the tree tops and falling through them, checkering with wavering shadows the lawn beneath. The wound through which most of his life blood has flown, has left him white and weak, but it pains him no longer; and he looks quietly around, thanking one, for having written his last letter to his "folks"—another, for shading his eyes from the sun—and still another, for offering the further assistance which he does not need. He is only a sergeant, but had "just as leave be a private in such a cause." He was a deacon in his town, and "done the biggest part in getting up a company" from it, the captaincy of which was offered him. But he thought he had not "eddication enough to do the writin' part of the business," and declined. But thank God he had eddicated his sons, and one of them who had entered the company with himself, had been promoted grade after grade from a corporalship to the captaincy. "His wife had dissuaded him from j'ining the army at first, but after the Peninsular campaign he couldn't stand it no longer," and so helped to get up another regiment in his township; and now here he was. Well he was satisfied—he was in the Lord's hands, and he should die in the faith that the Lord would stand by the Union and the Stars and Stripes to the end. He "hadn't a speck o' doubt about it." He'd like to know if his son, the captain, whose regiment had been in the fight with his own, was still alive, but he couldn't find out. He would give all he was worth to see his wife and daughters once more; but he had always told them to prepare for this, and he hoped the Lord would give them strength to bear the news.

I had intended to tell you many incidents that would interest you, but time fails. A mail carrier is about to take his chance of rebel scouts and guerillas, and this goes with him.

I left Fredericksburg yesterday morning by daybreak, and am now seated a few rods from the headquarters of Grant and Meade, in front of the tent of a hospitable young officer from your city. At this time yesterday the wood around reverberated with the cannonading and musketry of the fight on the right of our line, between Gens. Tyler, Iverson, and the enemy; and to-day the surgeons have been kept busy with several hundred wounded.

Very truly and respectfully yours,
(Signed) ALFRED J. BLOOR, Asst. Sec.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION IN THE FIELD.

Mrs. Holstein writes from Port Royal, Va., under date of May 28th:

"We had yesterday a busy day feeding train after train of wounded. The gentlemen continued the work until daylight. The Sanitary Commission has done nobly, beyond all precedent, in the tender, loving care of the wounded during this campaign. We hear of it everywhere. Here at this point we have fed, I am told, about 3,500 men. Three hours before the wounded arrived, the Sanitary Commission were here with a most abundant supply of everything needed. The burial of the dead was entirely under their care. The men have all borne their fearful wounds nobly; brought in rough army wagons, some of them over thirty miles, still cheerful, and greeting the Commission as their best friend. I enclose a scrap of a Virginia lady's wedding dress! The material is of home manufacture. So is also the black plaid, which is thought nice here. If of any account for the Fair, use it for that purpose. The enclosed MSS. prayer I took from the desk of the Episcopal church, with the consent of the guard, and left in its place one of Bishop Potter's. The exchange was fair, was it not, as I took it from curiosity for your Fair? I would have liked to have sent one of their woven bonnets, but I could not purchase one, as they said the greenbacks were of no use to them. I tried to purchase onions for our wounded who craved them, but could not succeed. Miss B. and I went foraging all over the place, and at last exchanged Sanitary Committee lemons for a few onions, but could not get, upon any terms, strawberries, peas or lettuce. The gardens, with their profusion of roses and other flowers, are beautiful. From one large place in town fifty-five servants left this morning in a body. About seven hundred in all go to-day from this place. Reinforcements are pouring in more rapidly than our poor wounded, are returned to us. * * *

Very truly yours, A. M. H.

[illegible] E. Marcy, Cor. Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. George H. Scranton, Scranton, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, New London, Chester co., Miss R. J. Conard, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Pittston, Luzerne co., Mrs. N. T. Robertson, 2 boxes; Soldiers' Aid, Reading, Berks co., Miss C. C. Gries, Sec'y, 3 boxes, 2 kegs; Ladies' Aid, Bedford, Miss M. F. Barclay, Sec'y, 3 boxes; Loyal Women of Cambria, 4 bbls., through Mrs. C. A. McDill; St. James's church, Miss Green, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; a friend, 1 pkg.; unknown, 1 pkg.; Mrs. N. J. Hoffman, Hestonville, 1 pkg.; Miss Sager, Arch st., 1 pkg.; unknown, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Picture Rocks, Lycoming co., Mrs. A. R. Sprank, Sec'y, 1 box; Miss G. B. Robertson's school, Pittston, Luzerne co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susq. co., Miss Blackman, No. 56; Ladies' Aid, Auburn, Mrs. C. M. Taylor, 1 bbl.; Mary Bartlett, 1 pkg.; St. L[illegible]'s Auxiliary, Mrs. Isabella James, Sec'y, 1 p[illegible] Mrs. Samuel Fox, 1 pkg; Miss McFetridge, [illegible]; Misses Lewis, 1 pkg; Mrs. James G. Bir[illegible]; Ladies' Aid, Plumstead township, [illegible] 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Williamsport, M[illegible]e A. Snyder, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Doylestown, Bucks co., Mrs. M. A. Higgins, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Harris, 1 pkg; Dr. Brainerd's church, Mrs. J. C. Farr, 2 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, Mrs. Taggart, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, South Auburn, Susquehanna co., Mrs. C. M. Taylor, 1 box; Soldiers' Relief, Tioga and Mill Creek, Tioga, Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, South Charleston, Tioga co., M. J. Hart, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Christopher, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Attleboro, Mrs. Jenny Candy, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Wellsboro, Tioga co., Miss Martha J. Emery, box No. 18; Ladies' Aid, Hughesville, Lycoming co., Emma Biddle, Sec'y, 1 box; Union Relief Association, Norristown, bandages; Mrs. H. C. Hill, Schultz, Norristown, 1 pkg; Ladies' Aid, Hollidaysburg, Blair co., Mrs. D. R. Banks, 1 box; Chatham Aid, Chester co., Miss Alice Jackson, Sec'y, 1 box; Gwynedd Ladies' Aid, I. M. Meredith, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Soldiers' Aid, Fallingston, Bucks co., Miss Annie Comfort, Sec'y, 2 bbls; Mr. Clement Barclay, 558 flannel shirts; Mrs. Strong, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Walter Allison, 1 pkg.; children of the four public schools, near Cressona, Pa., Thos. A. H. Raub, Principal, 1 box; Pine Grove Mills, Soldiers' Aid, Miss A. A. Lightner, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Shermanstown and vicinity, Cumberland co., 1 box; West Pikeland, 1 box; South Dimick, Susquehanna co., H. R. Miles, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Johnstown, Cambria co., Mrs. C. Mundell, 1 box; Central Aid, Chester co., Miss R. Price, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Westfield Soldiers' Aid, Miss Amelia Cloos, 2 boxes; Danville Ladies' Aid, Miss M. A. Montgomery, Sec'y, 1 box; unknown, 2 kegs pickles.

NEW JERSEY.

Aid Society, Trenton, Miss Olivia Sherman, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Swedesboro', Miss M. B. Garrison, 1 box; Mrs. F. S. Conover, Princeton, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Middle township, Cape May co., Miss Hand, 1 box.

MOUNTAIN AIR THE HEALTHIEST.—"The hardy mountaineer," is a proverbial expression. In the city of Mexico, nine thousand feet above the sea, the inhabitants are all broad-chested, and consumption is unknown. Between the city and the sea, where the land is low, consumption prevails as elsewhere. When we ascend mountains, the lungs expand proportionately to the weight of the atmosphere, and incipient pulmonics are relieved by the change. Those consumptives who visit the West Indies for their health, and reside in the cities near the sea, seldom recover, while those who go immediately to the higher portions of Cuba and elsewhere, are much benefitted. After the lungs are much diseased, and are incapable of expansion, this change of elevation rather hastens decay.

WHAT'S IN A KISS?

There is a formal kiss of fashion,
And a burning kiss of passion,
A father's kiss,
A mother's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to move,
There's a traitor's kiss for gold,
Like a serpent's clammy fold,
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And a thrilling kiss of love.
A meeting kiss,
A maiden kiss,
A kiss when fond hearts sever,
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this—
A kiss to part forever.

☞ ROSSINI AND MEYERBEER.—Rossini having learned on Monday morning that Meyerbeer had been rather worse the evening before, went to Rue Montaigne to learn how the patient had passed the night. Entering the house, he inquired of the concierge how M. Meyerbeer was that morning. Without any precaution the man replied that the great composer was dead. At this terrible announcement the visitor staggered and would have fallen had not the other supported him. He remained for nearly ten minutes incapable of movement, and when he recovered a little, requested to see a member of the family. One of Meyerbeer's daughters came down, and Rossini, when he saw her, burst into tears and embraced her affectionately. He spoke at great length of the deceased, and it was a considerable time before he was in a state to return to his own residence. Rossini and Meyerbeer had been acquainted for upwards of fifty years.

☞ Time has delicate little waves, but the sharpest cornered pebble, after all, becomes smooth and blunt therein at last.

"What time is [illegible] who had not left his cot.

"It's ten minutes to seven," said the artilleryman.

"How do you know it's that late?" inquired the General, a little vexed at the idea of having slumbered so long.

"I can see by the town clock," replied the artilleryman, referring to the clock of the Vicksburg court-house, which, I may remark just here, furnished the time of day to both armies for more than six weeks.

"What!" exclaimed the General, jumping out of bed. "Have you been shooting all morning without hitting that old clock?"

"Yes, sir; we couldn't hit it. Tried our best, but couldn't make the shot."

"All right, then. Men who can't hit such a good mark as that can't get any leave of absence from me. You can't go to the river to-day."

Thousands of shot were aimed at the clock, to my certain knowledge. It was the target for at least twenty batteries every day, but was never struck, and is keeping good time to this day, I believe. On entering Vicksburg, on the fourth of July, my curiosity led me to the cupola of the court-house, and see how near the old ticker had come to annihilation. The pillars about it, below it, and on each side, had been struck and shattered. A large hole had been made in a wall within a foot of it, and fragments of stone and mortar covered the box containing its works. Not less than one hundred shot had struck within ten feet of it—but it had survived them all; and while Pemberton wrote his lying bulletins in his subterranean headquarters every day, it stood fearlessly at its post, telling the truth, and chiming out the hours from day to day, and from week to week.

THE SEA BLUE BIRD OF MARCH.

"C. S.," in a recent number of the *London Field*, sets at rest the delicate question, concerning this much debated stranger in the Poet Laureate's *In Memoriam*, and after all it appears that it was the kingfisher, of which Tennyson was thinking at the time he wrote the line. The correspondent of the *Field* says:—On looking over the last few numbers of the *Field*, which I have been accidentally prevented from doing earlier, I notice that the identity of Mr. Tennyson's 'Sea Blue Bird of March,' remains a vexed question, and happening to be able to settle it, have pleasure, though late, in doing so. Some time ago I myself made the inquiry (through a friend) of Mr. Tennyson, and received his answer that it was a kingfisher. As my friend put the question in a simple form, he did not, as I could have wished, elicit his reason for considering it emphatically the bird of March. We may, however, remember that—

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring, &c.,

(the "young man's fancy" lightly turning to thoughts of love not being ornithological, "C. S." ends his quotation thus) and Mr. Tennyson (the letter proceeds) may have similarly noticed that the color of the kingfisher was more than usually brilliant in the early spring. This may possibly be the case, though from the little observation I have had opportunities of making of the kingfisher, I should have been inclined to arrive at a decidedly opposite conclusion. Still even granting it to be the fact, it does not at all entitle the bird to be called the "bird of March," and the laureate has evidently availed himself of the customary licences granted to poets. I might also be inclined to doubt whether a "fuller crimson" does come upon the robin's breast in spring (when the bird is nesting). I only mention these little matters because in a previous note on the subject, in which I endeavored to show that there was more reasons for supposing him to have meant the kingfisher than any other bird, I remarked upon the somewhat rare and minute accuracy in all matters relating to ornithology Mr. Tennyson showed—a statement in proof of which I could quote at random twenty or thirty passages all denoting close observation and careful selection of terms. Probably it was from this fact that arose the discussion, for which had not a rhyme to "larch" been the object to be attained there would have been no cause, as the name of the month would not have been used. However, I for one, and one out of many I am sure, am glad to have the question set at rest.—*J. D. Carteright.*

may have a sun [illegible] attention in her arms, or be too idle [illegible] the fagged child, she tries to quiet with scolding, shaking, or blows.

To be useful a perambulator must be well constructed; the wheels and springs must be of a sufficient size and strength to carry it easily over uneven ground without jarring; the back should slope and be high enough for the child to be laid comfortably against it in the event of the little creature falling asleep. And it should also be provided with a shelter from the hot sun, by fixing a large parasol to an iron rod, and this again to the back of the carriage; or by having a small hood of Holland—the black leather which is sometimes used is objectionable, because the black concentrates the rays of the sun, and the thickness of the leather prevents the free passage of air. A little apron also which may be formed of Holland or leather tends to keep the child in its place, and to protect it in case of cold or wet.

The *disadvantages* of perambulators are principally those arising from badly constructed carriages, and the negligence of the servant in charge. When the sun bears very great power many cases of *coup de soleil*, convulsions, and sickness have been produced in children left exposed to the sun's rays without any protection, whilst the servant either read a penny novel, or otherwise idled away her time; such cases as these are well known to medical men at the sea-coast where the hot sands or beach are such inducements. Added to these there is not unfrequently another danger; a child having fallen asleep is allowed to drop into a bad position, with its head hanging forward, so that the circulation returning from the head and face is retarded, and hence causing congestion of the brain, a disposition to convulsions, &c. Or whilst the head is thus hanging forward, from any sudden jerk of the carriage, the spine may be strained and injurious effects produced. Also the band placed across, when in such a posture, will compress the stomach, and impede proper breathing. Nor must the springs of the perambulator be over weighted, which would cause it to jar; and the servant shouuld be directed to wheel it slowly and carefully over rough roads.

A PHYSICIAN.

CAT AND DOG LIFE.

The common acceptation of the expression "Cat and Dog Life," is by no means the correct one with regard to some members of the feline and canine race with whom I am acquainted. My friend puss having been brought up from her early infancy (or, more properly, kittenhood) with the dogs belonging to her master's family, entertains for them the strongest affection; she shares their food, eating from the same plate, afterwards taking her siesta on the hearth rug with her companions, and even resting her head upon them in the most confiding and loving manner. She takes part in their gambols on the lawn, but when they become very boisterous, she prudently mounts a tree, and looks down with complacency on their frolics. Her home is by the river Thames, and should her master in his boating expeditions take his dogs with him, and leave her on *terra firma*, her indignation and disappointment know no bounds, and she forthwith dashes into the water and swims out, following the boat until her master thinks proper to receive her into it. When a fishing expedition is about to take place, and the boat is launched in the morning, she hurries down to the water side, and is the first to enter, being soon followed by her friends the dogs, and the little party then quietly awaits their master's appearance. When tired of aquatic amusements, she will jump out of the boat and swim home. Puss has, in common with all her race, a great liking for fish, and will snatch them from the hook as they are taken out of the water. Frequently, after a solitary ramble, she will bring home fish which have evidently not been honestly come by. Her coat is perfectly black, without the intrusion of a single white hair, and she is a capital mouser.—*Old Maid.*

☞ Among the traditional ceremonies observed on the death of a pope is the official attendance of the Cardinal *Carmerlingo* at the bedside of the defunct with a *golden hammer*, with which he *raps three times on the deceased Pontif's forehead*, invoking him each time by name. Receiving no response, the *Carmerlingo* assumes in the interim the reins of Government, and announces to the cardinals their duty of electing a successor.

burg, June 4, [illegible] ports that an attemp[illegible] cross the Atchafalaya had been frustrated, the troops that had crossed dispersed, and a large quantity of commissary stores and clothing captured."

General Burbidge, commanding in Kentucky, in a despatch dated yesterday, at Lexington, reports that "after concentrating a force at the mouth of Beaver Creek, on Big Sandy, I moved against Morgan's force in Virginia, as far west as Gladesville. Morgan, with 2500 men, moved into Kentucky via Whitesburg. I pursued, and by marching ninety miles in twenty-four, came upon him at Mount Sterling yesterday morning, and defeated him.

"By stealing fresh horses he reached Lexington at two o'clock this morning. Our forces held the fort, and the rebels did but little damage. He left here at 7 A. M. for Versailles. I start in pursuit with a fresh force in the morning."

No official report has yet been received from Gen. Hunter.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

CHEAP NURSING IN PARIS.

Then by-and-by—generally, however, after eleven, that universal meal hour—I meet an old woman busily trotting along towards the Luxembourg Gardens, surrounded by fifteen or twenty little children, aged from two or three years to seven or eight. Their parents pay the old lady about ten centimes an hour to take their children out, and give them a walk or a game of play in the gardens. It is pretty to see her convey her little regiment over a crossing; it reminds me of the old puzzle of the fox, the goose, and a bag of corn. The elder children are left in charge on one side, while the very little ones are carried over; then one of the oldest is beckoned across and lectured on her care of them while the old woman trots back for the rest; and I notice she is much more despotic during her short reign of power than the old woman herself. At length they are past all dangers, and safe in the gardens, where they make dirt-pies to their hearts' content, while their chaperon takes out her knitting and seats herself on a bench in their midst. Say she has fifteen children, and keeps them out for two hours, it makes her a little income of half-a-crown a day; and many a busy mother is glad that her child should have happy play and exercise, while she goes a-shopping, or does some other piece of housekeeping work, which would prevent her from attending properly to her child.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

LOVE MAKING.

To win the maid the poet tries,
And sometimes writes to Julia's eyes.
She likes *a verse*, but cruel whim,
She still appears *averse* to him.

☞ The Ellsworth American says a lady recently issued cards for a supper party, and had "*No Butter*" printed on them. She'll do to join the Ladies' Covenant.

☞ In the Mediterranean Sea, near the coast of Sicily, a movable island has been seen of late, sometimes rising almost to the surface of the water, and again disappearing quite out of sight. It is supposed to be of volcanic origin, and an English vessel with a cargo of scientific men on board is stationed in the vicinity watching the phases of the phenomenon.

☞ A foot race recently took place in England, in which the winner ran a mile in the extraordinary time of *four minutes, twenty and a half seconds*, being the fastest time ever made in running that distance.

A DYER *died*, and *dead* was he;
He lived to *dye*, and *died* to be
A *dyer* still; for still his hair
Was colored black with *dye* stuff rare;
His coffin, too, was *dyed* with red,
And now this *dyer* has *died dead.*

☞ "Born when the United States and Great Britain were under the same government and flag, of course Shakspeare can be claimed as an American."—*N. Y. Herald.*

A SAVAGE DUEL.—A duel was fought between a couple of miners in the Washoe silver mines, not long ago, with pickaxes. The combatants were placed one rod apart, and advanced to the attack on a given signal. One ran furiously at his opponent, who advanced slowly, with his pickaxe raised ready to strike; but when the other got within about two paces he suddenly hurled his weapon at his slow-moving antagonist, and the point hitting him in one eye, he was knocked senseless, and although he was after a time restored to consciousness, the sight of his eye was ruined, and it was considered doubtful if he could long survive his injuries.

ue sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to will,
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer still—patience, belovéd!
A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that wait thy soul.

A little longer, ere life, true, immortal,
(Not this our shadowy life,) will be thine own,
And thou shalt stand where wingèd archangels worship,
And trembling bow before the great white throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight,
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, belovéd,
Shall beat forever with a love divine,
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall ring in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee;
Belovéd, can we bid thee linger here?

THE HINDU MUTINEERS.

It is now exactly a year ago, that the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy*, a teak-built, copper-bottom steam-transport, started from Singapore with a cargo of Hindu convicts, sentenced to transportation in the Andaman Islands.

This transport, named after its original proprietor, the benevolent Parsee merchant, had been hired by the English government to carry native convicts, a most strange gang of whom filled it between decks, the June evening, 1862, that followed that in which the ship had left its anchorage.

The first few hours after leaving port are full of bustle and excitement—there is rope to coil away, cargo to shake into its place; the men need an hour or two to forget their license on shore, and to return to steady discipline. By-and-by, every one gets into his own groove, the sails fill, the rope tighten, the rudder works, the ship "gets her stride," she forgets the land, and away she goes, true and steadfast, on her destined mission.

This transformation, this taming-down, had taken place on board the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy*. The carpenter was busy arranging the hatchway for the prisoners' sleeping-berths; the second-mate was superintending the transfer of stores from one part of the hold to another; the men were splicing and knotting, scraping and scouring; the doctor was rating the "loblolly boy," a tall, freckled, ungainly Scotch lad, Sandy Patterson, who was always pondering over an old copy of the *Seaman's Manual*, when he ought to have been compounding medicines; and the boatswain was reviling Jack Davis, the ship's boy, a brave little fellow, but rather too fond of mischief.

The ship was like a great sea-bird, which, ere it finally quits land, rests a moment on some foreland to prune its wings and ruffle out its plumage for its long flight. The great white canvas was shaking out aloft; the vessel rose buoyantly upon the large waves; cheering shouts ran from stem to stern; the boatswain's whistle piped shrill and chillingly; the vessel began to "walk," as sailors call it, before as fresh a gale as captain could desire to have at his back.

The convicts on board were Sikh fanatics, chiefly from Lahore and Umritsur. They were followers of that pseudo-prophet, Baloo Singh, who had all but excited an insurrection in the Punjab. By trade a tailor, he had declared himself to be Baluk Singh, the founder of the sect, who died sixteen years ago, risen from the dead to preach down caste and sutteeism, and to expel the English. This dangerous man's disciples wore black and yellow turbans, rosaries of white woollen cord; practised military drill, and used the words "Wah Gooroo" as their mystic watchwords. The only good thing about the deported sect was, that they preached temperance, cleanliness,

walls of the

wherein the officers were just sitting down to dinner.

The bell had rung, and the steward had just brought in the soup; but one officer, the ensign in charge of the convicts, still stood at the cabin-window, watching the burning path the setting cast upon the tranquil ocean.

The doctor laughed, and said:

"When I was eighteen, I used to look at sunsets; now, I only regard them as signals for dinner. Come, Crawford, the chaplain is waiting to say grace. We are not to wait for the captain."

The ensign colored, and took his place; he was thinking of other scenes far away across the sea.

The party consisted of the captain, Crawford, the doctor, the chaplain, the first-mate, and a second ensign.

"How's the Rajah to-day?" said the first-mate to the doctor.

"Oh, well enough; but the rascal misses his opium, and shams ill—Soup, Jobson?"

"Thank you.—I should like to give him a round dozen. I catch him sometimes looking murder at me out of the corner of his eye."

At that moment, the captain entered, and laying his cap and double-glass on a side table, bowed to the company, and took his place at the head of the table.

"Always some worry," he said, "in this delightful life of ours. Now it is that boy Davis falls down the companion-ladder, larking; now it is a head-wind that keeps us at four knots an hour; by-and-by we find all the coal on board is bad, and the engineer does nothing but grumble at the little heat it gives. And yet these young gentlemen" (looking at the ensigns) "rave over their cigars about the glorious life of a sailor! Pshaw! we always like what we haven't got. I should like them to have our work, Mr. Jobson" (to the first-mate) "for four-and-twenty hours—that'd sicken them."

Mr. Jobson laughed, as in duty bound.

"Glass of wine, Captain Favers?" said Crawford.

"With pleasure—Steward, hand Ensign Crawford the sherry."

"We shall have a fine passage," said the chaplain.

"May be, if the wind keeps up" The captain was evidently put out. "But hang me at high-water mark, if I wouldn't rather carry parrots and monkeys, than these niggers, with their particular food and their perpetual complaints."

The soup was removed, and the second course was brought in. The steward had just lifted the cover from a magnificent joint of beef, that smoked like a great sacrifice, when Patterson entered, and whispered in his hear.

The captain threw down the knife and fork in a pet.

"There again," he said. "Here Mr. Jobson, take the joint. Not a moment, night or day, one's own. Excuse me, gentlemen; a ship's captain is everybody's servant."

There was a howl heard, and the next moment the captain entered, red and furious.

"Mare's nest, again," he said. "By Jove, sir, if that boy Patterson didn't call me out, doctor, to tell me there was a mutiny going to break out among the convicts. 'Why?' said I. 'Because I heard them whisper together,' said he, cool as you like. 'Blockhead and lubber,' said I, giving him a back-hander, 'what harm can niggers, whom I could snap over my knee, do by whispering? Let them whisper; and if you come and interrupt me again with your mares' nests, by Jove, sir, I'll keelhaul you.'"

"Well, that's very odd," said the chaplain, "for this morning, when Davis brought the coffee to my berth, he told me he was afraid to tell the mate, but he was sure that there was mischief brewing among the Hindus. He told me one of the men had seen the Rajah, as they call him, slip one hand nearly out of his handcuffs."

"Nonsense!" said the mate. "I examined every handcuff myself at eight bells. These boys are the pest of the vessel with their cock-and-bull stories. If I see them again near the prisoners I'll keep them all day scraping the mast."

"Crawford and I always sleep with revolvers under our pillows," said the second ensign; "and there's a sentinel at their door night and day."

"Mutiny be ——," said the captain, testily, "and revolvers too. If the fellows did

villains have risen and murdered every soul on board save us and the firemen—but three, and those they're chasing into the state-cabin. They've put a guard over the engine room. I stumbled over the captain just now; he was stabbed at the companion ladder. O God, guide us! Davis, He is guid and great, and he holds the seas in the hollow of His hand. He is a strong tower and a fortress. Davis, pray, for here they come."

A dozen ship's lanterns moved swiftly towards them, and the next moment the two boys were in the clutch of a dozen Hindus, whose white tunics were splashed with the blood of the murdered men.

They were about to plunge their bayonets into their kneeling victims, when their leader, the Rajah, appeared, and with his sabre struck up their weapons as he shouted the watchword of the sect, "Wah Gooroo!"

The Rajah was a fat, smooth-faced Hindu, with small, half-shut eyes, and a cruel mouth. He had the captain's double glass slung round him, and the captain's gold watch-chain twisted round his black and yellow turban.

Davis clung to his feet, and prayed for his life.

"Hooly, hooly, Jack," said Patterson to him, but without looking towards his companion; "let me alone wi' the bluid-thirsty deevil, and I'll try him wi' just a word or two of his ain lingo that I picked up at Singapore. They wunna twist our thrapples if I can help it. No fear, man; we must make the best of a bad business. Speak them gently, man, and don't screigh there as if you'd got a dizzen knives in your wame."

Patterson was a rawboned Scotch lad, ungainly in body, large-footed, red-haired, shambling. But he was a brave, thoughtful, shrewd lad, and forgot his own danger in his care for his younger companion.

He did not utter these exhortations in one breath, but piecemeal, as they were both led to the state-cabin, where Baloo Singh was now enthroned.

"Take heart, Jack," he said; "remember how David, the son of Jesse, slew the big thief of a giant wi' a wee flint-stane."

"I am not afraid, Sandy," replied the little fellow, his cheek flushing; "I'm only a wee skeared. Look! the murdering rogues, they've got poor Mr. Jobson."

"God help him!" said Patterson.

"Poor Mr. Jobson!" groaned Jack; "look, how he's cut on the forehead."

In the cabin, with one foot on the dead body of the murdered captain, sat the chief fanatic, Baloo Singh. He was a tall, thin man, with dead-colored eyes, a face of a corpse color, blue lips, and long shrivelled hands. He sat erect, with no trace of any human expression upon his face. He certainly acted well the part of a resuscitated dead man. Thirty or forty Hindus, mad with excitement, stood round their leader, holding lighted candles, boarding-spikes, blood-stained sabres, and ship-muskets still smoking at the muzzles.

"Worship him, worship Baluk Singh," they cried, as they dragged the unfortunate mate to the feet of their chief.

The brave man stood erect, without a look of fear.

"I be cussed if I do!" he said, and turned his quid, and spat on the ground.

The chief made a sweeping movement with his right hand, and the mate was dragged from the room. There was a struggle, a yell, and a pistol-shot, then silence.

"Wah Gooroo!" shouted the fanatics with once voice.

"Wah Gooroo!" said Baloo Singh, with a voice that seemed to rise from a tomb. "So perish the unbelievers!"

A weasel-faced Hindu, thin as a girl, and his dark, mean features almost hidden by rank, straight, black hair, now seized Patterson, and, sabre in hand, dragged him to the feet of Baloo Singh.

"Guid bye, Jack," said Patterson, with a rueful grimace, and clasping the boy's hand "It's guid-bye to my harns [brains] now—the dour deevils. Yet God's still aboon a', and I'll hae a try for my life still."

Hadji Hanna, the bloated wretch we have already seen, stepped forward, and sticking his fat fingers in the red hair of the Scotch lad, raised a carving-knife that he had snatched from the steward's pantry.

"Son of Heaven," he said to his chief, "let us sacrifice this unbeliever to the goddess Khalee: she has told us to purge sea and land of these infidels, who deny your resurrection."

"Good-bye to old Aberdeen!—the Lord have mercy upon me!" groaned Patterson.

Baloo Singh, son of Heaven, we are your slaves."

Again the shout of "Wah Gooroo!" was raised.

"Sons of the unbelievers, saved by Heaven from the doom of thy race! your lives are given back to you!" exclaimed the corpse-like chief. "Hadji Hanna, put on this younger convert the turban and the cord: these converts will help us with the accursed vessel."

"The gabblin' skate," muttered Patterson; and then he shouted like a madman the watchword, "Wah Gooroo!" till he was out of breath.

"Stay below here till we have proved your fidelity," said the chief, rising; "you shall wait on ourselves, and help to steer the vessel. Khalee still cries for victims. Come, Hadji Hanna—come, my disciples—come, and let us perfect the work."

As he uttered these words, the chief left the cabin, followed by the other fanatics. Hadji Hanna stayed for a moment behind.

"Beware!" he said, with a hand on the throat of either lad,—"any treachery, and you die by my hand. You are now followers of the great Son of Heaven, Baloo Singh. I place two armed men on the cabin-door; if you move from the door, they shoot you both, and fling you to the sharks." As he uttered these threats, Hadji Hanna's bloodshot eyes glared on the two survivors.

The next moment, the door closed behind him, the key turned, and there was a sound of two muskets being cocked.

The moment the door closed, Patterson leaped up and hugged Jack in his arms.

"God guide us and protect us," he cried, "and forgive me for telling the blackest and biggest lee man ever uttered! The accursed seed of Satan, the revin God-forsaken blasphemers, the cut-throat sons of Belial; but I'll be even with them. Quick, Davis, help me with this table, that I may see out of the skylight what they're doing. Eh, man, just hear them! They've found one of our poor fellows up in the rigging, and they're worrying him as terriers do a rat."

In a moment the ready lad was on the table, and with his eye cautiously raised to the level of the glass. He was silent for a moment; but his hands were clenched, and the perspiration dripped from his brow. There was a sound of a heavy body dragged over the deck, then a sound of shattered glass.

"Oh, what is it, dear Sandy? Do tell me. Oh, what dreadful things are they doing?" said Jack.

Patterson replied in a low voice, and with face glued to the glass:

"It is the poor steward, Jack. They've tied him to the mast, and they're pelting him with champagne bottles. He is streaming with blood and his hands are clasped. Hear the cries! Now one of them steps up with a drawn knife—O merciful Father! I dare not look again."

As he uttered this exclamation, Patterson leaped down from the table and sat himself down on a chair, and hid his face with his hands.

"Jack," said he, at last looking up, "as I live by bread, it would be doing a duty to set fire to the vessel and burn these wretches. It had been better for us to have cursed their prophet and died holy martyrs, like Mr. Jobson"

"No, no, dear Sandy," said Jack, cuddling himself near him. "Think of David. God has not saved us without a good purpose. There's many a lowering morning, you used to say, that brings on a fine day."

"Ye're right, ye're right, bairn," said Patterson. "Come and kneel down, and pray the Lord Jehovah—who put to flight the armies of Assyrians, who set the stars to fight in their courses against Sisera, who made the Red Sea like birdlime for those awful rascals, the Egyptians—to give our hands strength, and our brains wisdom to beguile these children of Belial."

The cruel massacre had been but too complete. Two sailors only were left, and they stood by the wheel, with six armed men with drawn sabres to guard them. The firemen below were left to manage the furnaces; and the scuttle leading down to the engine-room was also watched by a dozen men with loaded pistols. The murdered men's bodies had been flung overboard to the sharks, and the decks washed. Three or four of the Malays, who had been sailors, were up aloft taking in a sail, for the ship's course had been altered, and the little wind there was, was now against them.

The chief and some twenty of the fanatics were eating their simple meal of rice and

know where there is opium, but it is unprepared. Let thy servant prepare it. One of thy followers can go with me, and stand over me, armed, till it is ready."

"Go; and Yassaktshi, go thou with him; so that we may have the dream-producer, that gladdeneth the heart of the Prophet and his followers."

When Patterson was gone Jack's heart leaped for joy, for he saw desperate as was their condition, some hope of deliverance.

In the meantime, the wretches, in their language, unknown to the boy, discussed the murders of the day.

"And thou, too, wert not idle," said the chief to Hadji Hanna.

"I slew the captain with my own hand; and I slew and stabbed four of the infidels—one in the rigging, one in his hammock, one in the hold, and one on the cabin stairs. Heaven be praised, and glory to his Prophet!"

"And I threw an infidel overboard," said another.

"And I beat out the brains of the cook."

"And I chopped down the Christian priest as he tried to shoot me; but we are invulnerable. Glory be to Heaven and the Prophet! But here the Red Head comes with the opium. Wah Gooroo! it sends blessed dreams."

"It is good," said Hadji Hanna; "it is fit only for the faithful; it takes us to heaven before the time. Quick, Red Head; and you, Yellow Hair, bring the smoking-tubes of the dead infidels; we can turn them into opium-pipes."

Patterson left, and returned in a moment with twenty or thirty pipes, and some hot charcoal from the cook's galley. A large cake of the moist black paste was prepared, and the taciturn chief and his followers, arranging cushions on the floor, settled themselves to their intoxicated sleep.

Patterson eyed them with the eye of a raven watching a sick lamb. Jack was breathless, because he saw that Patterson had some scheme in contemplation, and he dreaded its failure.

The opium was powerful. One by one ceased to talk, and fell back in dreamy repose, and eyes fixed and dilated, upon their cushions, the pipes still in their mouths. One or two made faint efforts to rise, then fell back, with hands half-raised to their swords; but the most, including the chief, Hadji Hanna, and Yassakishi, lapsed slowly into a deathlike torpor—pale, but breathing heavily and loud.

Patterson and Jack stood by the sideboard surrounded by twenty entranced and helpless men.

"It gangs weel—it gangs weel," said Patterson in a whisper, as if afraid of awaking the sleeping ruffians, "thanks to the *Papaver dioscorides* and the drachms of morphine. A little more, and I could have sent the blood-thirsty gang to their ain place, but I just thought I'd keep 'em alive for an English gibbet. But, Jack, our work's not half done yet. Quick, gather up the pipes; we must take them on deck, fresh loaded, to the scoundrels at the wheel and on the engine-room stairs. As sure as there's heather in the Highlands, another day, and I'd have dosed their rice with arsenic, and they ought to be thankful. Come, Jack, quick, the pipes."

Jack and Patterson gathered up the pipes, and in a minute afterwards were on deck with them, fresh filled and re-lit.

"Brothers of the faith," said Patterson, "the Prophet has sent you two hours of heaven in these opium pipes. The relief guard will be up before your sleep begins. Take them, and thank God for sending his blessed Prophet."

The men took them with shouts of "Wah Gooroo!" and needed no inducement to at once begin.

The Hindus at the engine-room stairs accepted them with no less alacrity. In a few minutes the irresistible drug worked its effects, and the deck was strewn with sleeping men.

Then Patterson seemed all of a sudden to go stark staring mad—he hugged Jack; he danced the Highland fling; he shouted, he screamed; he ran a little way up the rigging, and down again; finally, he ran to the astonished men at the wheel, and dragging them on their knees, cried:

"Down with ye, Johnson; down with ye, Jarvis; down with ye, Jack, and thank God—who smote in the night the whole camp of Assyria, who made the earth open and swallow up Dathan and the whole company of Abiram—for delivering the good ship *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* from the hands of the Philistines. Here, let me take a spell at

turn her head back to
run and take a look at
sons of Belial, all lying
own in the state-cabin—
e of morphine and the

ean that you really have
hnson.

ad," exclaimed Jarvis.
r yourselves," returned
hands, as if they were
lking. "Come and see
as been and done; and
too—all that can leave
a hurra, for the ship's
got a rope round the
as."

they have got pluck, eh, Bill?" said Johnson to Jarvis.

"It's the neatest go I ever see," said Jarvis to Johnson, as he rolled Balo Singh under his foot.

"Well, I never," said one of the firemen.

"That chap'll be admiral some day, or my name's not Jarvis," said that worthy.

"And when I am," said Patterson, with a grim smile, "Jack here shall be post-captain. But quick, lads—I'm in command now—to business before pleasure. Get some three-quarter-inch rope, and tie these fellows hand and foot, and throw them in the hold. Remove all their knives and pistols, and search their pockets; then batten down the hatches; and I and Jack'll mount guard over them, and tell them our minds when they come to."

"My eyes, when they come to, old Hullabaloo'll think he is dead again," said Jarvis.

"And that fat butcher of his, won't he cut up rough?"

A murderous passion of revenge suddenly shone in Johnson's eyes; he swore a dreadful oath, and slowly cocked a revolver, and bent over Hadji Hanna.

"He spared none of our messmates," he said, grinding his teeth; "and now I'll settle his account."

Patterson leaped forward, seized the revolver, and threw it into a side-cabin.

"Come; no mutiny, Jarvis," he said; "I tell you I'll not have a hair of their heads touched. They shall answer for these crimes in another way. We'll not repay murder with murder. Remember the holy book: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay it, saith the Lord.' Touch these men, and I will shoot you down as I would a mad dog, Jarvis."

"Well, I'll be hanged if Sandy is not a mixture of the parson and the King of the Sandwich Islands," grumbled Jarvis. "But I suppose we must knock under, for he got us out of the mess."

The sleeping men were collected, and thrown, not very gently (especially by Jarvis,) into the hold like so many cotton-bales. It took two days to get back to Singapore with that insufficient crew; and the quantity of food given to the prisoners during that time was hardly worth mentioning.

Small as the crew was, they were sufficient, thanks to Patterson's energy, to crowd up every piece of colored bunting that was in the vessel an hour before they entered Singapore.

It was soon known that the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* had had a mutiny on board; but, thanks to the courage and prudence of two boys—the cabin-boy and the doctor's boy—the mutineers had been seized, and the ship recovered.

An hour after the arrival of the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy*, Patterson and Davis stood blushing, and yet delighted, before the harbor-master and several officers who had come to hear the convicts examined. Pale and scowling, the Prophet and his followers stood in the compound adjoining the harbor-master's house, guarded by a detachment of English soldiers.

"And now, my brave boy," said the harbor-master, "tell us by what means you succeeded so admirably in counterplotting these murdering niggers."

"Weel, it was just *Papaver dioscorides*," replied Patterson, pulling at the tuft of his Scotch bonnet. "I was doctor's boy on board the *Jamsetjee*, and when I was not reading the Word of God or the *Seaman's Manual* I was just studying the nature of herbs, drugs, and minerals, little thinking what use I should one day make of them against these sons of Belial."

DINNER AS AN EDUCATOR.—You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents often forget this; and therefore, instead of swallowing your food in silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence, the intelligence and the refinement, and the appropriate behavement of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.—*Dr. Todd.*

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. BURTON.

The sunlight lies golden on the hill,
While the balmy southern breeze
Brings on its breath a fragrance
From the blossoming apple trees.
Sweet olden memories come to me
With the scent of the apple bloom,
And I see you sitting, Cousin Nanne,
Inhaling their sweet perfume,
Just where you sat ten years ago,
Half buried in orchard green,
The wind just rippling your auburn hair,
And kissing your cheek's fair sheen.

No violet ever had bluer eyes,
Whose honey the wild bee sips;
No cherry ever had rarer red
Than bloomed on your crimson lips.
Our barks have drifted far apart
On the sea of life since then,
And never more 'mid tempest or calm,
May sail together again.
And yet I remember the old school house
Where we bent over our book,
Or waded together below the hill
With naked feet in the brook.

I remember the hill where the school-house stood,
With its trees and grape vine swing;
Where we slid down hill in the winter time,
And gathered flowers in spring.
We had our dreams like other girls;
We built our castles fair;
But our dreams they faded as other dreams fade,
And our castles were built in the air.
I wonder if you think of old times, Nanne,
When you feel the soft spring breeze,
If thoughts of your old friend come to you
With the scent of the apple trees.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Bettina had laid one of her hands upon the folds of the dressing gown, and the doctor could feel the twitching of the fingers. He had asked her to sit down, but she preferred to stand. Close to him, with her head bent, she could hear his low words without much misapprehension, so deliberately were they spoken between the panting breath.

"Bettina, I don't go to my grave as I thought I should have gone, providing for my children. I have been obliged to sacrifice all I had put by. It was not a great deal, it's true, for I am but what's called a middle-aged man, and my expenses have been high. Could I have foreseen my early death, I should have lived at half the rate. And this sacrifice will not die with me. The house—I daresay I shall shock you, Bettina—is mortgaged; not, however, to its full value. I have directed in my will that it shall be sold; and the residue, after the mortgage is paid—can you hear me?" he broke off to ask.

"Every word."

"The residue and the proceeds of the furniture, and those two small cottages of mine, and other effects which will be likewise sold, will make a fair sum. There's money owing to me in the town, too. Altogether I expect there will not be much less than three thousand pounds—"

"Richard!" shrieked out Miss Bettina, in her emotion. "*Three* thousand! I thought you were worth ten at least."

"No, it was not so much as that, altogether. I had four or five thousand put by. Never mind: I say I have had to sacrifice it. I feel how imprudent I have been, now that it is too late."

"To what have you had to sacrifice it?"

The doctor paused before he replied.

"A sudden claim came upon me of which I knew nothing: a claim for thousands. No, Bettina, I know what you wish to say—believe me, I *could not* resist it: to pay it was obligatory. The worst is, I could not pay it all: and the sum which the property will realize will have to be applied to liquidate it."

"But you can tell me what the claim was for?"

"No, I cannot. It is not altogether my secret, Bettina, and you must not inquire into it. I need not have mentioned it at all to you, but for speaking of Sara. My poor children must suffer. Edward has his pay, and he will have to make it suffice for him: Sara has nothing. Bettina, you will give her a home?"

"There's no necessity for you to ask it," was Bettina Davenal's answer. But she spoke crossly; for the want of confidence in not entrusting to her the nature of this secret, was hurting her feelings bitterly. "Should anything happen to you, Sara will naturally find a home with me—if she can put up with its plainness. I shall make her as welcome, and consider it as obligatory on me to do so, as though she were my own child."

The doctor lay back for a moment in his chair, panting. His fingers clasped themselves over hers in token of thanks.

"Richard, surely you might place more confidence in me! If you have been called upon to pay this money in consequence of—of any bygone trouble or debt contracted in your youth—and I conclude it must be something of that sort—do you suppose I cannot be true and keep your counsel? I know what follies the young plunge into!"

"Follies? Crimes, rather!" And the words broke from Dr. Davenal with a groan which told of the deepest mental anguish. It pained even the dull ear that was bent to it.

"Bettina, I say that you must not ask me. If it concerned myself alone you should know as much as I do, but I could not tell you without betraying another; and—and—there might be danger. Let it rest. Better for you that it should do so, for it would disturb your peace as it has disturbed mine."

"It's a dreadful sum," said Miss Bettina.

"It is that. And my poor children must be left beggars. I have enjoined Mark Cray to pay three hundred pounds yearly to Sara for five years, out of the proceeds of the practice. He can well afford to do it: and if you will give her a home, this had better be invested for her, Bettina."

"Of course. But what's three hundred for five years? You might make better terms with Mark Cr[illegible] than that."

"Mark ha[illegible]ithfully to do it. I have been talking with him this afternoon about that and other things. I asked him what sum he would feel inclined to pay to Sara out of the business, and for what term. He said he thought he could mention three hundred a year, and would continue it for five years."

"Considering all things, it is not a very generous offer," persisted Miss Bettina. "Had your life been spared, Mark could not have looked to step into the whole of the practice these twenty years."

"It is very fair, I think, Bettina. Mark must acquire experience, remember, must work his way up to the public confidence, before people trust him as they have trusted me. He will not have his rooms filled daily with patients at a guinea a head. This has come upon me suddenly, or all things might have been managed differently. I think it would be a good plan for Mark to leave the Abby for this house; I have told him so; but he will be the best judge of that."

Miss Bettina quitted her stooping posture by the doctor and sat down, revolving all that had been said. She sat slowly rubbing her hands the one over the other, as was her habit when anything troubled her.

"I cannot realize it," she said, in a half whisper, "Richard, I *cannot* realize it. Surely you are not going from us!"

"I am but going to those who have preceded me, Bettina," he answered. "My wife, Richard, others, who have gone on before, are waiting for me, and I in my turn shall wait for you. This fretting life is over. How poor?—*how poor*," he added more emphatically as he clasped his hands—"do even its best interests now seem beside eternity!"

PART XXVIII.

LAST HOURS.

The lamp, shaded now, was placed on a chest of drawers behind the chair of Dr. Davenal. It was getting on for ten o'clock. Quite time, as had been suggested to him, that he should be in bed; but he appeared unwilling to move. He felt easy, he said: and therefore he stayed on.

The flickering light of the fire, now burning with a dull read heat, now bursting up into a blaze, threw its rays upon the chamber—destined, ere that night should close, to be a death chamber, although they, the watchers, as yet suspected it not. The light fell upon the simple bed at the far corner, destitute of hangings—for the doctor was a foe to curtains, upon the dwarf cabinet beside it, whose lower shelves inclosed a few choice books, upon the drawers, upon the dressing-table at the farther window, and upon the open space at this end where the fire was. The light fell on the doctor as he lay back in the gaudy dressing-gown, on the chair-pillow, one hand hanging down listlessly, the other fondly resting on the soft brown hair of his daughter.

She sat on a footstool by his side, nestled close to him. Her head bowed down, for she had much ado to conceal and subdue her emotion, her hands clasped and laid upon his knee. The dread fear that he was dying, but not quite that night, lay on her heart; had come to it, as it seemed, by intuition. Not a word yet of this ominous dread had been spoken between them: each seemed to shrink from the task. But Sara was striving to gather courage and strength, so that in his presence she might at least not give way.

The doctor stretched out his disengaged hand and pointed to a china cup that stood on the table. Sara rose and brought it to him, and he took a few spoonfuls of the refreshment it contained.

"Is not the fire getting low, my dear?" he asked with a slight shiver.

She rose and stirred it, and brought forward the coal box and put on fresh coal, and then took the hearth brush and swept the bars and the hearth, making things comfortable.

"Do you feel cold, papa?"

"I think so," he answered with another shiver.

"I am sure you would be better in bed. Shall I call Neal?"

"Not yet. Come and sit down again."

She took her place, nestling to him as before, and he fondly stroked her head with his feeble hand. It seemed to her that the hand grew feebler with every change, every fresh movement.

"I have a few things to say to you, my dear, and I had better say them up than in bed. I should not like to go to sleep with them unspoken."

Did he mean the sleep of death? Sara trembled inwardly: she hoped that she should retain sufficient strength, no matter at what cost to her feelings, not to tremble outwardly.

"It was necessary that I should make a fresh will," he began after a pause. "In the old will—"

"Oh, papa! surely you are not going from me!"

Utterly unnerved, the words had broken from her in her misery. Dr. Davenal resumed in a tender, reasoning accent—

"I must have you brave, darling; just for a short while. Won't you try and be so? You see I have only you to speak to, Edward being away. My strength may not last very long."

She understood him: that his strength might not hold out if she hindered the time by giving way to emotion. The precious time! not much of it might be left to them. With a mighty effort of will, with an anguished sigh to heaven for help, Sara Davenal outwardly grew still and calm.

"Tell me all you have to tell, papa. I will try and be to you what Edward would have been."

"In the old will, made subsequent to the death of Richard, the chief of what I had to leave was divided equally between you and Edward. Caroline—but it matters not to speak of her. In this new will, made now since this illness, all I die possessed of is bequeathed to you."

"To me!" she echoed, the injustice of the thing striking on her mind in the first blush of the words.

"Do you think, after what has happened, that Edward could have any right in it?"

She was silent. That there was terrible trouble connected with Edward Davenal she had not now to learn. The doctor lay still for a few moments to gather breath. His voice was so weak that she could barely catch some of the words.

"When Edward brought that ill upon us, which has gone well-nigh to kill me—which I believe in a measure has killed me, in so far as that it rendered my state of mind and body such that I have been unable to fight against what might otherwise have proved a slight disorder—when he brought it upon us, I say, I had only one way open to me—to sacrifice my property and save him. All fathers might not have done it, though most would: but I believe few fathers love their children as I have loved mine. But to save him, I had not only to sacrifice my property, but also in a measure to sacrifice you."

"Papa," she said, lifting her head, "I wish I might ask you something."

"Well,—do so."

"If you would but trust me more entirely. When Edward came that night and you called me down, I learnt he was in some dangerous trouble; but I learnt no further. Since then nothing but fears have haunted me."

"And have they not haunted me?" echoed the doctor in a strange tone of pain. "The night stands out in my memory like a frightful dream. Think what it was. When I was lingering in that front room there, full of the trouble brought to me by the death of Lady Oswald, not yet cold, there came a tapping at the window, and I looked out to see Edward. Edward my son!—disguised, as may almost be said, for he did not care to be recognized in Hallingham; and in truth recognition might have been dangerous. 'Let me in quietly, father,' he said, 'I am in danger.' Sara, were I to live to be an old man, I could not forget the effect those words had upon me. I was unnerved that evening: the recent death of Lady Oswald, and—and—its unhappy circumstances were as vividly before me as though it was being enacted then, and I was unnerved in a degree not usual. He wore a cap on his head, and a plaid scarf very much up about his neck, only in fact as any gentleman might travel, but I had not been accustomed to see Edward so dressed. His voice, too, was hushed to a warning tone. 'Let me in quietly, father. I am in danger.' In the first confused moment I declare I thought of some threatened danger in the street—that some wild animal was running loose: strange ideas do occur to one in these sudden moments. I let him in, and he began hurriedly to tell me that he did not want his visit to be known, for he was absent from quarters without leave; nay, in defiance of leave, which had been denied to him as inconvenient to be granted in the hurried period of the regiment's departure. But he was compelled to see me, he continued, and—then—he told me all."

"Told you what, papa?" she whispered, when the doctor's moan of reminiscence had died away.

"Of the awful position into which his folly had plunged him. Of the crime that he had committed, and which, if not hushed up, *bought* up, one may say, would in a few days find him out. Sara, Sara! men have been hung for that same crime in days not so long gone by."

He, the unhappy father, stopped to wipe from his face the dews that had gathered there. It was an awful tale for a father to tell; it was more awful for him to have heard it. Sara shivered: she did not dare to interrupt by a single word.

"My gallant son, of whom I had been so proud! Youth's follies had been his in plenty, vanity, extravagance, expenditure, bringing debt in their train, which I had satisfied, more than once, over and above the handsome allowance I made him. But crime, never. Sara, when that night was over I felt that I would rather die than live it over again, with its sudden lifting of the curtain to pain and shame."

"Papa, if—"

"Hush, child! Let me finish this part while I can speak. He confessed all in its fullest extent. The ice once broken, he told the whole. Indeed, he had no resource but to tell it, for it was only by knowing it entirely that I could help him. Had he concealed the half of it he might as well have concealed the whole: and he might have stood at his country's bar to answer for his crime."

Sara gave a great cry. Terrible as her vague doubts had been, pointing sometimes to the very darkest sin that is comprised in the Decalogue, the one which Oswald Cray had even dared to whisper in her ear, it was so much worse to hear those doubts confirmed."

"At his country's bar?"

"Child, yes. Don't I tell you what the punishment would have been for it not many years ago? What could I do but save him? Had it been necessary to part with every stick and stone I possessed in the world, I must have parted with them—anything, everything, so as to save him. I told him what I would do; that I would start before morning-light—for speed was necessary—and get to London and stop the danger. On his part he had to go back by the train that passes through here at midnight and so as to get into quarters by the morrow, that his absence might not be known. Before he went he begged to see you. I think that he then—Sara, I think it now, and have for some little time—that he then had made up his mind not to come down again: or else he fancied that he should not be able to come. However it might have been, he begged to see you; and I, seeing I must confess no reason for it, called you down. And the rest you know."

"I don't know one thing," she whispered. "Papa, I don't know what it was—the crime."

"And better that you should not," he answered with a vehemence surprising in his weak state. "I would not have adverted to it at all, but for what I have to explain to you. Listen, Sara, for there are directions that I must give you now."

Pausing, he held his hand up for an instant as if to bespeak her attention, and then resumed.

"I shall startle you if I say that the money I was called upon to find was no less than eight thousand pounds! Ah! you may well lift your head, child! And this imprudent, sinful man was your brother and my son, and Heaven only knows how dearly I love him still! Five thousand of it I paid at once, and the rest I arranged to pay later, at different periods. This very Christmas, I have paid another five hundred, leaving two thousand five hundred yet to pay. I have directed that whatever I die possessed of shall be sold, and the money paid over to you, 'my daughter, Sara Davenal.' The terms of the will will excite curiosity, people will marvel why I did not appoint trustees, and you, my darling, must be content to let them marvel. The residue, after my debts are paid, will be, as I judge, about three thousand pounds. And of this, Sara, two thousand five hundred must be given to these people, who hold Edward's safety in their hands."

Again she was startled.

"Do they hold it still?"

"They do. They hold his—I may almost say life—in their hands. Once they are paid, the danger will have passed. You will make no unnecessary delay?"

"No," she said with a shudder. "The very hour the money is in my hands it shall be paid to them."

"In my desk, in the private compartment, you will find a sealed paper addressed to yourself. It contains full directions, how you must accomplish this, and who the parties are. I thought it well to write this down for you, and then there can be no mistake or forgetfulness. Beside this paper you will find a letter addressed to these people, and that I wish you to post with your own hands, *with your own hands*, within four-and-twenty hours after my death. Do you clearly understand?'

Yes, she clearly understood, she answered; answered from the depths of her quivering heart.

"And I think that is all, so far as that unhappy business is concerned. Oh, my child, my child! if I could but have left you better off!"

"Papa, don't grieve for that!" she said in the midst of her choking sobs. "I shall do very well without it."

"You will have your home with your aunt. And Mark Cray he is to pay you a certain sum for five years, which must be invested for you. Bettina will take care of you: but she is not of a cheering temper. If I could but have left you in a happier home!"

Looking forward, she felt that all homes would be pretty much alike to her in her load of grief and care. Surely the sorrows of life had fallen upon her early!

"I began to think, just about the time of Caroline's marriage, or a little before it, that Oswald Cray was growing to like you very much," resumed Dr. Davenal. "But it may have been only my own fancy. I was mistaken with regard to him once before; perhaps I also was again?"

She sat silent, her head down, the fingers of her hands nervously entwining themselves one within the other.

"You don't answer me, Sara. It may be the last time I shall ask you anything."

"It is all over, papa," she said, lifting her streaming eyes."

"Then there was! What has ended it?"

Ought she to tell him? *could* she tell him? would it it be right or wise to do so—to increase the sense of *ill*, wrought by her unhappy brother, already lying with so bitter a weight, in spite of his love, on Dr. Davenal's spirit? No, she thought she ought not. Her sense of right as well as her reticence of feeling shrunk from the task.

"Child, have you no answer for me?"

"Something—unpleasant—arose between us," she said, in a faltering whisper. "And so we parted. It was neither his fault or mine; it—it was the fault of circumstances."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "a foolish quarrel. But I had thought both of you superior to it. Should the cloud ever pass away and he wish to make you his wife, remember that you have my full and free approbation that my blessing would go with it. In spite of his pride and his caprice I like Oswald Cray."

"It never will pass away," she interrupted almost with vehemence. "It is a thing impossible. We have bidden adieu to all that for ever."

"Well, you know best. I only say if it should be. Is it this that has kept him from the house?"

"Yes. Oh, papa, when you were blaming him for taking foolish and unjust offence against Lady Oswald's will, I wished you could know what a mistake it was."

"And, Sara, I have urged on Caroline, as you heard me, that that money should be secured to herself. I have spoken to your aunt; I have written of it to Oswald Cray—for that is the purport of my note to him. My dear, do you reiterate the same to them by word of mouth; and say that I urged it again with my dying breath. I don't know why the necessity for this should cling to my mind so strongly," he continued in a dreamy tone. "Unless it is because I dreamt a night or two ago that Mark had run through all his means, and Caroline was lying in some strange place, ill, and in grievous poverty. It was a vivid dream; and is as present to me now as it was when I dreamt it."

Sara pressed her hands upon her face. The effort for calmness was getting beyond her strength.

"Say that I urged it again with my dying breath? And give my love to the two little boys, Sara. Tell them that Uncle Richard would have sent for them to take a last farewell, had death not come upon him so suddenly. But there's no time; and tell them we shall meet again in that far off land, when their toils and mine shall be alike over. Charge them to be ever working on for it."

She could not contain herself longer. Her very heart was breaking. And she turned and hid her face upon him with choking sobs.

"Don't, my darling! Don't grieve hopelessly. It is God's will to take me, and therefore we should not sorrow as those without hope. I have tried of late to live very near Him, to resign myself to Him in all things. My life had become one long weary trouble, Sara—perhaps He is taking me from it in love."

"Oh, papa! But I shall be left!"

"Ah, child, but you are young; life for you is only in its morning, and though clouds have gathered over, they may clear away again, leaving only brightness behind them. Think what it has been for me! To wake, after the snatched sleep in a night of pain, to the dread that ere the day closed the name of my only remaining son might be in the mouths of men—a felon! Child, no wonder that I am dying."

Sara could not speak. She lifted her arm and let it fall across him. Dr. Davenal laid his hand lovingly on the bowed head.

"Yes, I am resigned to die. I would have lived on longer if I could; but that is denied me, and God has reconciled me to the decree. When you shall come to be as old as I am, Sara, you will have learnt how full of mercy are the darkest troubles, if we will but open our eyes to look for it."

Sara Davenal, in her keen distress, could not see where the mercy lay for her. To lose her father, seemed to be the very consummation of all earthly misery. How many more of us have so felt when stern death was taking one we loved better than life!

"I am so glad I gave that money of Lady Oswald's back to the rightful owners!" he resumed, after a pause. "It has brought its comfort to me now. Glad, too, that I have lived to see them in possession of it; that no vexatious delays were made to intervene. Had it not been settled before I died, there's no knowing what might have arisen. Sara, remember that our past acts find us out on our dying bed. Whether they have been good or evil, they come home to us then."

"Papa, you have ever been good," she said, amidst her raining tears. "None but good acts can come home to you."

"Child, what are you saying? What are we all in the sight of God? We can but cling to His feet in bitter repentance, pleading our Saviour's sacrifice."

His voice had grown so faint that it was more by guessing than by hearing that she understood the words. Presently she looked up and saw that his eyes were closed, but his lips were in motion, and she thought he was praying. She began to wish he would get into bed, but when she attempted to move, his hand tightened around her.

"No; stay where you are. God bless you! God bless you always, my child!"

She remained on as before, her cheek resting on the dressing-gown. Presently Miss Bettina came in.

"It is the most wrong thing for you to sit up like this, Richard!" she was beginning, when she caught sight of his closed eyes. "Is he asleep, Sara? How could you let him go to sleep in his chair? He ought—what's the matter?"

Miss Bettina—calm, cold, impassive Miss Bettina—broke off with a shriek as she spoke the last words. She went closer to him and touched his forehead.

Sara rose; and a bewildering look of hopeless terror took possession of her own face as she saw that white one lying there. Richard Davenal had passed to his rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORVIETO.

Our night-quarters were close to the city gate, within sound of the plashing of a quaint old fountain, on whose spray played the beams of an unclouded Italian noon. And curiosity could not wait for the rising of the sun next morning, before wandering out to find the far famed cathedral front. As the downward road in search of a river, so the upward in quest of an Italian cathedral, is pretty sure to be right in the end. No pleasure greater [illegible] in its way than starting forth into the streets of a strange town, unaccompanied by guide and unfurnished with map or plan, and wandering at one's "own sweet will," making discoveries at every turn, till at last some corner brings one unexpectedly on a grand object known from youth, then seen for the first time. How the heart leaps with gladness as the bright figured pinnacles are discovered gleaming up some side-alley—how the step quickens till the whole gorgeous facade blazes out on the sight! And if there ever was an object of which all this is true, it is the front of the Cathedral at Orvieto. Judged by the strict rules of architectural effect, its shape would perhaps be designated as too stiffly symmetrical and unbroken; but it is a very miracle of art in graven work and color. Below, the buttresses and spaces around the doors are filled with wonderful bas relief carvings by Giovanni da Pisa. The upper portions are entirely filled between the buttresses with the most gorgeous mosaics of Scriptural and traditional subjects. As is usual in these decorations, the groups are in the brightest possible colors, on a gold ground. It is this effulgence of rich color, mellowed but not obliterated by age, seen with the background of the lovely blue of an Italian sky, that gives to mosaic adornments its peculiar charm. Some of the mosaics at Rome date as far back as the fifth century, and still retain, if not their freshness, yet their richness of color, after exposure of nearly fifteen hundred years.

CAPTURING THE HYENA.

When you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slip-knots upon it in your right hand, and with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The animal does not know what is the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of his den; but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep moving on gradually towards him, on your knees, and when you are within distance throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care that he does not free himself; the beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round to hurt you; so you quietly feel for his two fore legs, slip the knots over them, and then, with one strong pull, draw them tight up to the back of his neck, and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you may do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch at home to the krall, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild.

☞ In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are only required to say them.

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS AND INVENTORS.

FROM SMILES'S INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY.

Tools have played a highly important part in the history of civilization. Without tools and the ability to use them, man were indeed but a "poor, bare, forked animal," worse clothed than the birds, worse housed than the beaver, worse fed than the jackal. "Weak in himself," says Carlyle, "and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a crushing load for him; the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft like a waste rag. Nevertheless, he can use tools, can devise tools: with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him; he kneads glowing iron as if it were soft paste; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unvarying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without tools: without tools he is nothing; with tools he is all." His very first contrivances to support life were tools of the simplest and rudest construction; and his latest achievements in the substitution of machinery for the relief of the human hand and intellect are founded on the use of tools of a still higher order. Hence it is not without good reason that man has by some philosophers been defined as *a tool-making animal.*

Tools, like everything else, had small beginnings. With the primitive stone hammer and chisel very little could be done. The felling of a tree would occupy a workman a month, unless helped by the destructive action of fire. Dwellings could not be built, the soil could not be tilled, clothes could not be fashioned and made, and the hewing out of a boat was so tedious a process that the wood must have been far gone in decay before it could be launched. It was a great step in advance to discover the art of working in metals, more especially in steel, one of the few metals capable of taking a sharp edge and keeping it. From the date of this discovery, working in wood and stone would be found comparatively easy, and the results must speedily have been felt not only in the improvement of man's daily food, but in his domestic and social condition. Clothing could then be made, the primitive forest could be cleared, and tillage carried on; abundant fuel could be obtained, dwellings erected, ships built, temples reared; every improvement in tools marking a new step in the development of the human intellect, and a further stage in the progress of human civilization.

The earliest tools were of the simplest possible character, consisting principally of modifications of the wedge; such as the knife, the shears, (formed of two knives working on a joint,) the chisel, and the axe. These, with the primitive hammer, formed the principal stock-in-trade of the early mechanics, who were handicraftsmen in the literal sense of the word. But the work which the early craftsmen in wood, stone, brass and iron contrived to execute, sufficed to show how much expertness in the handling of tools will serve to compensate for their mechanical imperfections. Workmen then sought rather to aid muscular strength than to supersede it, and mainly to facilitate the efforts of manual skill. Another tool became added to those mentioned above, which proved an additional source of power to the workman. We mean the Saw, which was considered of so much importance that its inventor was honored with a place among the gods in the mythology of the Greeks. This invention is said to have been suggested by the arrangement of the teeth in the jaw of a serpent, used by Talus, the nephew of Dædalus, in dividing a piece of wood. From the representation of ancient tools found in the paintings at Herculaneum, it appears that the frame-saw used by the ancients very nearly resembled that still in use; and we are informed that the tools employed in the carpenters' shops at Nazareth at this day are in most respects the same as those represented in the buried Roman city. Another very ancient tool referred to in the Bible, and in Homer, was the File, which was used to sharpen weapons and instruments. Thus the Hebrews "had a file for the mattocks, and for the coulters, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to sharpen the goads."* When to these we add the adze, plane-irons, the augur, and the chisel, we sum up the tools principally relied on by the early mechanics for working in wood and iron.

Such continued to be the chief tools in use down almost to our own day. The smith was at first the principal tool-maker; but special branches of trade were gradually established, devoted to tool-making. So long, however, as the workman relied mainly on his dexterity of hand, the amount of production was comparatively limited; for the number of skilled workmen was but small. The articles turned out by them, being the product of tedious manual labor, were too dear to come into common use, and were made almost exclusively for the richer classes of the community. It was not until machinery had been invented and become generally adopted, that many of the ordinary articles of necessity and of comfort were produced in sufficient abundance and at such prices as enabled them to enter into the consumption of the great body of the people.

But every improver of tools had a long and difficult battle to fight; for any improvement in their effective power was sure to touch the interests of some established craft. Especially was this the case with machines, which are but tools of a more complete though complicated kind than those above described.

Take, for instance, the case of the Saw. The tedious drudgery of dividing timber by the old-fashioned hand-saw is well known. To avoid it, some ingenious person suggested that a number of saws should be fixed to a frame in a mill, so contrived as to work with a reciprocating motion, upwards and downwards, or backwards and forwards, and that this frame so mounted should be yoked to the mill-wheel, and the saws driven by the power of wind or water. The plan was tried, and, as may readily be imagined, the amount of effective work done by this machine-saw was immense, compared with the tedious process of sawing by hand.

It will be observed, however, that the new method must have seriously interfered with the labor of the hand-sawyers, and it was but natural that they should regard the establishment of the saw-mills with suspicion and hostility. Hence a long period elapsed before the hand-sawyers would permit the new machinery to be set up and worked. The first saw-mill in England was erected by a Dutchman, near London, in 1663, but was shortly abandoned in consequence of the determined hostility of the workmen. More than a century passed before a second saw-mill was set up; when, in 1767, Mr. John Houghton, a London timber-merchant, by the desire and with the approbation of the Society of Arts, erected one at Limehouse, to be driven by wind. The work was directed by one James Stansfield, who had gone over to Holland for the purpose of learning the art of constructing and managing the sawing machinery. But the mill was no sooner erected than a mob assembled and razed it to the ground. The principal rioters having been punished, and the loss to the proprietor having been made good by the nation, a new mill was shortly after built, and it was suffered to work without further molestation.

Improved methods of manufacture have usually had to encounter the same kind of opposition. Thus, when the Flemish weavers came over to England in the seventeenth century, bringing with them their skill and their industry, they excited great jealousy and hostility amongst the native workmen. Their competition as workmen was resented as an injury, but their improved machinery was regarded as a far greater source of mischief. In a memorial presented to the king in 1621, we find the London weavers complaining of the foreigners' competition, but especially that "they have made so bould of late as to devise engines for working of tape, lace, ribbon, and such like, wherein one man doth more among them than 7 Englishe men can doe; so as their cheap sale of commodities beggareth all our Englishe artificers of that trade, and enricheth them."*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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* 1 Samuel, xiii. 21.

* *State Papers*, Dom. 1621, Vol. 88, No. 112.

☞ A selfish man, by the force of selfishness, sinks sooner or later, because it is the law of God which always compels selfishness in the long run to fail. But a man whose motives are beyond himself—by the law of God—lives forever, for, like the mountain stream, his life flows and mixes itself with the mass of human interest beyond; and thus, the greatness of a motive will come to be determined by its relationship to the universal man, and by its conformity to the sublime wisdom of Providence.

☞ Benjamin Bird, a bachelor, aged seventy years, was married at the Roman Catholic church, on Fifth street, Cincinnati, to Mrs. Julia Chaff, a buxom widow of thirty. So the old bird has been caught at last by Chaff.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ Mediocrity despatches and exults; the man of talents congratulates himself on the success of his exertions; genius alone mourns over defeated expectations.

☞ It related that when Humboldt was asked, "Why the male of the human species offered an exception to the rule so general among all other animals, that the male is handsomer that the female?" he answered, after a moment's reflection, "I deny the fact! It is our natural gallantry that makes us think women more beautiful than men. The women do not concur in the opinion." Humboldt was a philosopher, and it wouldn't be modest to contradict him, on the main point; while, as to the last proposition—that women think men handsomer than themselves—if it be true, the dear creatures won't thank us for agreeing with them. In this double dilemma, we say—nothing.

☞ Gen. Hancock, who has performed so gallant a part in this campaign, is of majestic form, over six feet tall, and of excellent proportions. He is from Norristown, near Philadelphia.

ON CERTAIN PETS.

BY MR. SURLY HARDBAKE.

Doctor Buddle.

If Doctor Gargle is a pet with ladies who were contemporary with the first gentleman of Europe, and who are fitted to enjoy his gossip and reminiscences of that choice old time, Mr. Buddle possesses the entire confidence of a vast circle of young married ladies of this day. Buddle is, in many things, the very antipodes of Gargle. Gargle's touch is velvety, Gargle's smile is velvety, Gargle's words are velvety, Gargle's whole manner smacks of velvet and of the "old times." Gargle is slow to speak, slow to move—was certainly never seen to run, was assuredly never heard to laugh. Buddle is quick; often runs; dashes out his neat carriage up to the door of your house, raps a lively tap-tap, trips up stairs to the sick room, and, unless he is called to a very serious case, enters it and leaves it smiling. He is often heard to laugh; he can perform at times a cheery hearty ha! ha! that inspires a patient with hope the moment he hears it. He is always fresh and happy looking; a man of an unruffled shirt front, a neat necktie; of a clear and wholesome skin, a bright eye, a hand not so offensively white as Doctor Gargle's, and much more firm and resolute in touch.

It is a treat to see the way he trips into a nursery, looks at a baby, prescribes for it, pats it on the cheeks, compliments its mamma, not as old Doctor Gargle compliments, but in an off-hand, laughing manner, as who should say, don't believe me if you would rather not. No wonder the young married ladies like him. I do myself. If he comes to see an old fogie like me, and he tells him his gout is dreadfully bad to-day, he always laughs at him—he looks at the swollen limb and smiles pleasantly. "Sure to live to be an old man, Hardbake," he says, "nobody ever dies who has the gout; best thing in the world, carries off all your other complaints, and leaves you as clean as a whistle; nobody ever dies who has the gout." Thus he goes on and relates to me a story about some old boy, perhaps ten years my senior, who has been saved from death a score of times by a touch of my favorite complaint. Then, again, I hate physic. All old boys do not, but I do. Buddle having perceived it, and knowing, sly dog, that a great per-centage of draughts and boluses may be deducted not only with safety but advantage, sends me little enough physic, and trusts to diet. He is an amusing man, and has a happy knack of finding out what his patients like to talk about. He knows I am fond of politics, and so he generally contrives to abuse the Ministry, and to give a sly dig at poor "Lord John;" for Earl Russell never will be anything else than "Lord John" should he live to the age of Methusalah, and attain a dukedom in his last lustre. Buddle knows that I like to talk about books, and so he directs his conversation bookwards. He has skimmed the last novel, read the last book on popular science — knows all about the last divorce, the last murder, the last opera, the last squabble in the literary world, the last everything; no wonder the ladies like him. I tell you, I like him myself. I was a patient of old Gargle before I knew him, and the old boy had brought me to the edge of the grave with his boluses and his draughts, and then all but pushed me in with himself and his catlike ways. My illness might have been at the first influenza or bronchitis, but it was at the last—Gargle, and only Gargle. Mind you, I'm an exception—I dare say there are many old fogies who like to be attended by a fogey. They like to be condoled with in their sicknesses, to be told they are very ill indeed, to be coddled and bolussed and drenched. They like to enjoy a sickness, as it were—to taste it, to feel it—to be thoroughly sensible of it, to make the most of it. They do not want to get well with any unbecoming hurry. They are sick, and they like to be treated with proper consideration by their doctors. Their complaint is not a thing to be approached with levity—all due reverence must be used by the man of medicine and their friends. Then, perhaps, they have faith in a man who is as old as they are; who might have gone to school with them and smoked his first furtive pipe in their company. They can't fancy receiving a bolus from the fingers of a doctor whom they remember as a baby when they wore the garb of manhood. What can such a young fellow know about their complaints? "If they are to be doctored, let 'em be doctored by contemporaries," say they, and many old ladies think the same. Therefore, though Doctor Gargle has an extended circle of patients, these patients are mostly old ladies and gentlemen with chronic coughs and chronic rheumatisms—patients who do not like their complaints to be smiled at, who can't bear to be told that there isn't much the matter with them; who require their ailments to be bowed down to, and made much of: who can't believe in diet, and will have physic. I am different. I like Buddle, because he is so fresh and juvenile in his manner. Not a very young man; oh, dear no. A person of great experience; a man of vigor and promptitude, but who always has a freshness about him which reminds me of youth, and is a tonic in itself, as it were, to me. The difference between Gargle and Buddle is just this: Gargle was born in the day of sedan chairs, and the Railway King smiled upon the infancy of Buddle. The latter gentleman being brisk, prompt, a married man with a good house and a charming little wife who assiduously cultivates his best patients, has it all his own way with the young married people of this generation. The young married ladies, and you know for this one occasion I extend the period of youth to the age of forty. The young married ladies are under Buddle's thumb. Do you know what immense power that represents? I'll tell you what, let me rule the young married ladies, and you can rule the rest of the country!

Buddle is an extremely fortunate man. He was an assistant to a dear old gentleman of the Gargle school who had built up a splendid practice with the orthodox materials, and moistened the mortar thereof with oceans of physic. When old Shoestring died, of course the old patients who had grown up with him could not think of being killed or cured by an inexperienced hand, and could not entrust their venerable lives to juvenile fingers. Buddle accordingly had a severe fight for a practice. In the course of this fight he was led to study the habits and predilections of that vast and powerful constituency the young married ladies, I need not say with what success. Look at his "pill-box," and its jaunty chestnut—look at his eminently respectable house with its white steps and its shining door-plate—look at his boy in buttons and his man who drives the "pill-box." Mr. Buddle has become a pet doctor.

J. J. B.

BERTIE.

Bertie is tender, and fair, and small,
Is not a masculine boy at all,
Only his eyes are so earnest blue,
Only his lips are so wise and true,
Only he is my darling.

Bertie and I were taking a walk,
Well entertained with a sober talk,—
For Bertie was three years old that day,
Rather bewildered, but full of play,
Because he had a birthday.

Under the cherry-tree white with bloom,
Then in the house to the music-room,
Where he lay down, and said "Auntie, play,"
And I,—what could I do but obey?
Because it was his birthday.

Somehow a hymn-tune ran on the keys,
"Auntie, it's like the wind in the trees;
God made the wind—I'll see Him some day
When I grow up."—"Aye, love, we will pray
To God to bless my Bertie."

"When I grow up, I'll see Him, I know;"
"No, darling; but when you die, and go
To Heaven"—"Auntie, that's what I mean;
That is growing up."—"Ah! sweet, I ween
God tells thee more than I can."

—*Sadie.*

☞ We have been placed in possession of a sure remedy for the annoyances of mosquitoes, and give it to the readers of the Mercury with the satisfaction of knowing that we confer upon them in this act alone a benefit worth twice the price of subscription: The remedy is simply to *sit up in bed all night and play the jewsharp!* A friend who has tried it assures us that it is "high!"

☞ You know the story of the boy who would not cry, though the wolf was gnawing him beneath his frock. Most of us have some wolf to gnaw us somewhere; but we are generally gnawed beneath our clothes, so that the world doesn't see, and it behooves us so to bear it that the world shall not suspect. The man who goes about proclaiming himself to be miserable will be not only miserable but contemptible as well.—*Anthony Trollope.*

☞ The latest style of hoop-skirt, is the self-adjusting, double-back-action, bustle-etruscan, face expansion, Piccolomini attachment, gossamer, indestructible polocilicomoram. It is said to be a very charming thing.

☞ The Crystal Palace at Sydenham has now been open ten years, during which time it has been visited by fifteen million of people.

☞ The exhibition at this year's *Salon* in Paris is not very exultingly spoken of by the critics. Although there are upwards of four thousand pictures and other objects of art, yet there appears little of very great importance among them. Strangely, there is not a single portrait of Napoleon III. to be found there.

☞ LOVE POWDER.—Dr. L. D———, of Paris, lately fell head over ears quite out of his depth in love with a patient. Modesty forbade him to speak, so he wrote and left the note on the table. The servant saw him put it down, and naturally took the declaration for a prescription, and, as he usually did, carried it at once to the family chemist. Imagine the poor doctor's horror when the next day he received the paper back, with a remark from the chemist "that he feared he could not make up what he wanted."

☞ Dr. O. W. Holmes having been prevented, by illness, from delivering a lecture, wrote an apology, in which he said:—"I am satisfied that if I were offered a $50 bill after my lecture, I should not have strength enough to refuse it."

HOW KINGS FIRST CAME.

There is a strange uniformity in the history of nations. We always come to a period when the country seems, without any recognized ruler, to be completely at the mercy of a certain number of chiefs. Strife and confusion run riot for a time; and then there appears, like the god in the old Greek tragedies, some man of power and skill, who brings order out of confusion, and with a strong hand makes the strife to cease. This strong man is known by different names in various countries; but his characteristics are everywhere the same—decision, energy and force of will. In Norway they called him Herald Harfagra; in Saxon England, Egbert; and in France, under the title of Maires de Palais, or Stewards of the Palace, a succession of strong men paved the way, in the eighth century, for the reign of the giant Charlemagne.

Seldom has the royal office been so completely divested of every attribute of power, as in the person of the last descendants of the race of Mervig or Merovee the warrior—the sluggard kings of the seventh and eighth centuries. Founded by Clovis, entirely through conquest, its foundation cemented with the blood of vanquished tribes, the very existence of the first French monarchy depended on the warlike [illegible] of its rulers. When these once relaxed their grasp the reins slipped from their hold, to be seized by the vigorous prime ministers; and so completely had the people been won by the appearance of strength and determination, that the murder of the last Merovingian king, that infallible mode of settling disagreeable claims and titles during the dark ages was not even considered necessary in the case of the degraded Chilperic, the degenerate scion of a warlike stock.

"Who ought to be king? He who bears sway or he who has but the name of power?" was Pepin's haughty message of inquiry, sent to the Pope of Rome. "He who has the power," was the pontiff's very natural reply. And so Chilperic was deprived of his flowing locks, the emblem of kingly dignity, and sent to doze away the remainder of his useless life within a convent's walls; while energetic Pepin placed the sluggard's crown upon his own brow; and within a few years his mighty successor had extended his dominions from the German ocean to the Mediterranean sea; for it was an age of iron, and as it has been tersely stated—

"The nations, in that trying hour,
Set up the good old plan—
That 'they shall take who have the power,
And those shall keep who can.'"

An anecdote related of Pepin, gives a good idea of the influence he exercised over his rude and warlike courtiers.

It was a gala day, and the assembled company had crowded into a theatre where the actors played their parts in terrible earnest, and where combats were waged to the death. The wild beasts fought in the arena.

There was a peculiar attraction about the sports that day, for the interest of the spectacle rose in proportion to the ferocity of the combatants. A black Spanish bull, of gigantic size and strength, had been matched with an African lion; and the beasts gnashed and roared, and tore and gored each other in their rage, to the delight and admiration of the spectators. The fight was at its hottest, when suddenly the voices that had been shouting approval were hushed, and every eye turned inquiringly towards Pepin's chair of state, for the king had risen, and was pointing down into the arena.

Presently his voice rang out like a clarion through the assembly, and there was a sound of mockery in the tone in which he spoke.

"Which of you, my lords," he said, "will descend into the field and separate these two doughty warriors?"

There was a dead silence. The tone in which Pepin spoke showed that no thought of jesting passed through his mind; but the combat raged more hotly than ever, and not a man would trust his life to the mercies of those furious, tearing beasts.

Then the king drew his sword, and went down himself into the arena, while every heart stood still with suspense, and every eye was strained with horrified interest. One deep thrust of the king's sword, just where the bull's head joined the spine, and the monster lay low; one sure thrust at the glaring eye of the crouching lion, as he prepared to spring, and the second of these savage champions was overthrown. Then Pepin returned to his seat amid the shouts and applause of a thousand admiring warriors. He had earned his right to be their king, for he had proved his pre-eminence in the one quality they valued above every other virtue. Pepin the Short had proved himself the strongest and the hardiest man among a race who looked upon all things as nothing in comparison with hardihood and strength.

☞ The *London Times* recently contained obituaries of four gentlemen and two ladies whose united ages amounted to 538, giving an average of 89 years and 6 months to each, and, as usual, the fair sex taking the lead, the eldest having reached the great age of 103, and the youngest 80 years of age; the oldest gentleman being 90 years and the youngest 85 years of age.

The First Female Medical Practitioner in England.

After a desperate struggle against numerous obstacles, Miss Garratt has at last found her way to a medical examining board, has passed her first examination, and become what our cotemporary the *Lancet* was pleased to designate the "Pet of the apothecaries." Without pretending to know too much of the secrets of an examining board, we may state that Miss Garratt's examination reflects upon her the highest possible credit, and that both in the written and oral parts of it she displayed an accuracy of knowledge, a precision and a breadth, which surprised the examiners, and which are rarely seen in the court. In chemistry she wrote an essay on the meaning of the terms "specific gravity," entering most carefully and minutely into the *rationale* of the process, and supplying even the mathematical formulæ for calculation. She wrote a second essay on isomorphism and isomerism, adducing copious illustrations of isomorphic and isomeric bodies, and giving the modern views on those points. In anatomy, she described, we believe, without a single error, one of the most difficult portions of the brain; and in physiology she rendered with equal skill and perfection an account of respiration. This was the written ordeal. In the oral—botany, materia medica, the uses and composition of drugs, anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, were subjects of trial; in all of which she evinced an equally sound advancement, and we know that the examiners were specially struck with the fact, that while Miss Garratt's learning was so well shown, the manner in which it was displayed was collected, natural, and tinged with no approach of affectation. When we consider the immense difficulties under which this young lady has acquired her knowledge; when we state, what we are assured is the fact, that her lessons in anatomy have been taken almost at midnight, when all the male students had long departed; and when we are informed that at this moment she is actually acquiring her hospital practice in the humble capacity of a nurse at the "London," we cannot admire too heartily the perseverance, courage, and self-sacrifice that have been manifested. Miss Garratt, in our opinion, deserves, and has fully earned, admission to the same honors as any other praiseworthy student of medical science and art, and we think it the narrowest policy for any college or board to refuse her examination. We make the above observations, still holding an opinion which we have before expressed, that it is quite an open question whether women generally can follow medical practice as a means of livelihood; but we contend that they ought to be allowed to try. Then if their efforts fall through of themselves there is no one to blame. But flatly to deny them the opportunity of making the attempt is simply to excite a public sympathy which scarcely can be said to be misdirected, and which is far more injurious to the medical profession at large than the introduction into their ranks of any number of female practitioners.—*Social Science Review (London.)*

☞ The cold and swimming baths of the Seine are about to be opened. During the last fortnight the picturesque and gaily painted rows of little cabins, forming a sort of floating ark, have gradually been dropping down the river to their several moorings, and great bustle and preparations have been noticed in all three establishments which strive to rival one another in coquettish decoration. But although every appearance tells of spring, the weather is rarely settled enough to admit of the free enjoyment of this exercise until the middle or end of the month of June, when these swimming baths present a very animated and gay spectacle, and are universally resorted to.—*Paris Letter of May 11th.*

☞ There was almost a terrible disaster here on the evening of the 27th. While a thunder storm was raging a stack of fixed ammunition, amounting to forty or fifty tons, was struck by lightning, and the powder burned in several boxes of rifle cartridges; but fortunately it did not communicate with the vast heap of loaded shell or the annihilation of everything here would have been the consequence. At the same time this occurred, the gun of one of the guard was struck, and the stock was knocked off in splinters and himself badly stunned.—*St. Louis Republican.*

☞ When Pericles was reproached by the voluptuaries of Athens because he could not dance, he replied that nevertheless he had a knowledge which his critics lacked, and that was how to create a great state from a little city. Napoleon, similarly criticized, retorted that he was yet able to make others dance.

☞ A LONDON GALLERY.—The New National Gallery in London will cost, it is estimated, £150,000. It will consist, if sanctioned as designed, by Parliament, of seven parallel galleries, nine hundred feet in length and forty feet in width, and the same in height; while the vistas will be uninterrupted from end to end.

☞ Garibaldi will not hear of gratitude from Italy to France. On any hypothesis of what Louis Napoleon did for Italy, he is of opinion that the cession of Nice and Savoy was more than an equivalent.

The British Press on Grant's Campaign.

The London papers bear their usual portion of variously prejudiced criticism in relation to the late great battles. All confess that Grant's campaign furnishes the severest chapter of modern war; yet none, however willing to deny it, pretend to deny that great advantage rests with the national Generals, while all the friends of America seem confident of the success of Grant. The London *Times* of the 25th ult. contains the best-measured Anglo-rebel view of the situation, but really appears to be as ignorant and puzzled as the rebels themselves. We extract the following:

"The details of the great battles in America are calculated rather to enhance than diminish the sensation with which the telegrams were received. There has been no exaggeration, no overstrained description of the conflicts or the carnage. If, indeed, it be recollected that even the long reports of furious fighting, which we yesterday published, still leave two days of sanguinary action unaccounted for, it must be allowed that war has never come before us in a shape so appalling. Perhaps the Americans may be proud of the pre-eminence, but they have certainly fought more desperately, for a longer time, and with more dreadful slaughter, than any nation before them. It would not be impossible to match the results of any one day's battle with stories from the wars of the Old World; but never, we should think, in the history of man, were five such battles as these compressed into six successive days. It is hard to conceive how nature could have supported the exhaustion of the strain. We have been told that after a single day's hard fighting the lassitude and reaction in even a victorious army are such that any fresh force might snatch its laurels from it; whereas here are two armies hotly engaged in the work of slaughter from the morning of Thursday till the night of Tuesday, with scarcely the intermission of an hour. On every day except Saturday there was a pitched battle, contested with the utmost fury; and even Saturday was devoted to marching and fighting on the march. Nor were these prodigious operations divided among immense numbers brought into action by relays. Neither army numbered apparently over one hundred thousand men, and of these every man seemed to have been engaged in every battle. Indeed, we are expressly told that the Federal 'reserves' were brought up on the very first day. The desperate ferocity of the fighting may be inferred from the fact now reported, that the slaughter was produced without the aid of artillery. No rifled guns or murderous shells did execution among crowded masses. The great battle of Friday, which is said to have cost the Federals alone upward of ten thousand men, was a hand-to-hand fight. The Confederates were posted in the well-known woods in the vicinity of Chancellorsville, where Hooker once received so bloody a repulse, and so dense was the thicket that cannon could not come into play. Regiment against regiment, and man against man, the combatants fired and hacked at each other in this tangled wilderness till night closed in; and an intercepted report from General Lee actually tells us that on his side the heaviest loss was in men killed outright, and that he had comparatively few wounded. If this be a correct version of the despatch, it gives a more impressive idea of the fury of the conflict than any other of the incidents reported. It is clear, indeed, that whatever may be said of the composition of the Northern armies, and of their inferiority in this respect to the patriot legions of the South, they have fought in this campaign with a valor as obstinate as that of their enemies. No more indifferent or disaffected mercenaries could have been led from a battle like that at Wilderness to three more such battles at Spottsylvania. Be the impulse what it may, the Federals are fighting in stern reality, and with a spirit as resolute as that of their adversaries. * * * * * * Grant has stamped a new character on the tactics of the Federals. No other General would either have advanced upon the Wilderness after the severe battle of the 5th, or followed up an almost victorious though retiring enemy after the still harder fighting on the 6th. None but he, again, would have attacked his adversary so resolutely on the 8th and on the 9th, or held his ground so tenaciously in spite of failure. Under his command the Army of the Potomac has achieved, in invading Virginia, an amount of success never achieved before, except in repelling invasion. The Confederate forces were once arrested by McClellan, and once by Meade, but that was when they thought to carry war into Northern territory. Grant alone has done more than this. He has advanced toward Richmond, and though he has made but little way, and has lost half his army, he has not been driven back. Whether his position can be retained, or his success improved, is a question which the next mail will resolve for us."

THE 10-40 LOAN.

It is not anticipated that the steady progress of the ten forty or popular loan will be disturbed to any great extent by the proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury to receive bids for six per cent. bonds of 1881. A large portion of the seventy five millions advertised for will no doubt be taken on foreign account, at a premium of about eight per cent. in currency, which is the present market value of that description of existing bonds, after the half year's interest which is due July 1 is subtracted. The ten-forty bonds are considered nearly as valuable at par as the 6 per cents are at the premium which they command, the only advantage which the latter have over the former being that they have seventeen years to run, while the five per cents mature at the end of ten years, if the government is disposed to redeem them at the expiration of that time, which it probably will not be prepared to do, as the five-twenty six per cent. loan of five hundred and ten millions, will then and for ten years thereafter, be in course of liquidation. The new bonds will most probably be awarded to large capitalists and banking associations, in sums varying from ten thousand dollars to half a million, and the direct proposals of individuals with comparatively small means will be likely to receive very little consideration, unless they are prepared to outbid the present market value of the bonds.—*N. Y. Herald, June 8th.*

☞ In France they are making women's bonnets of India rubber and coloring them so as to resemble leghorns.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 95 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

ORANGES IN THE AZORES.

Nowhere are oranges of more importance than in the Azores. These islands live upon them, both directly as food, and indirectly as a profitable industry. Just as in other parts of the world a man's wealth is reckoned by the number of sheep, cattle, or horses which he can call his own, so here the orange-tree forms the unit of value. You do not say, such a one is worth so many thousand pounds, but that he has a *quinta* containing so many trees. High and low, rich and poor alike, derive their incomes from oranges. Whether it be for good or evil, the population are certainly not "divorced from the soil" in the Azores, for while the great proprietor has his thousand or fifteen hundred stems, the peasant rejoices in the "orange tints that gild the greenest bough" upon his own dozen or half-dozen trees. During the years when the orange-trees are yielding no fruit, maize or beans are grown between their ranks, but seldom afterwards, unless the owner be very poor or very greedy. The islanders devote their whole time, thought, and energies to the cultivation of the orange, and watch over the trees with great care and anxiety, to preserve them from the violence of the elements, or the ravages of that destructive insect, the coccus. The crop is generally bought by the merchant before it has reached maturity, and there are professional valuers who have attained great precision in calculating the produce of each tree. After the bargain is made, however, the weather or the insects may play sad havoc with the quinta, and cause heavy loss to the purchaser. The well-known Saint Michael oranges, so much [illegible] in England, come from the largest [illegible] Azores, which, upon an area of two hundred and twenty-nine miles, yields annually oranges to the value of about ninety thousand pounds, and to the number of nearly three hundred millions. A seventh of this quantity is usually consumed by the inhabitants; the rest is exported.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is more active. Sales of 18,000 bbls at $7,50@8 for low grade and good extras; $6,70 for Northwest do; $7,75@8.50 for Penna and Western family, and $9@10,50 ⅌ bbl for high grade do and fancy brands. Rye Flour is selling at $7 ⅌ bbl. Corn Meal; Penna is quoted at $7 and Brandywine at $7,50 ⅌ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, sales of 45,000 bus Wheat at $1,80@1,88 for inferior to prime Penna and Western reds, the latter for amber; $1,88@1,91 for Southern do, and $1,95@2,10 for white, the latter for prime Ky. Rye is firm at $1,55@1,57 for Penna. Corn; sales 50,000 bus at $1,59@1,60 for yellow, afloat; $1,56@1,57 in store, and $1,53 for white, including inferior lots at $1,50@1,54. Oats, 30,000 bus sold at 87@88c for Delaware and Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is a better feeling in the market for the hog product generally. Mess Pork is selling at $31@32 50 ⅌ bbl, for old and new, and Mess Beef at $18@21 for western and city packed. Sales of 800 bbls Beef Hams at $28@30 ⅌ bbl. Bacon at 18@21c for plain and fancy Hams, 13½@13¾c for Shoulders, and 14c for Sides. Green Meats—Sales of 700 pkgs Hams, in salt and pickle, at 15¾@17c, mostly at 16½c for good sugar cured, and 13½c for Shoulders. Lard is selling at 14½@15c, in bbls and tcs. Butter is unsettled, Pennsylvania and Ohio selling at 25@33c, and New York State at 34@38c, the latter for extra fine Goshen. Cheese is firm at 16@18c. Eggs—Sales at 23@24c ⅌ doz.

COTTON—The market is excited; sales 850 bales at $1,04 to $1,15 for low and good Middlings, cash.

BARK—Sales 70 hhds Quercitron at $41½ for 1st No 1.

BEESWAX—Sales Yellow at 60c ⅌ ℔.

COAL—The market is unsettled; the rates are $8,50@9 ⅌ ton on board, at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm but very inactive, sales small lots Rio at 43@44c ⅌ ℔.

COPPER—Sales Yellow Metal at 38c for Sheets and 40c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS are scarce at 70c for good Western.

FRUIT—Sales continue light at 10@10½c for Dried Apples, and 17@19c for Unpared Peaches.

HAY is selling at $25@28 ⅌ ton.

IRON—There is very little doing in Pig Metal at $[illegible]@56 ⅌ ton for the three numbers of Anthracite. Scotch Pig is held at $40.

LUMBER—Market rather more active at $33@34 for White Pine; $27@28 for Yellow sap; $20@22 for Hemlock Boards; $18@19 for Joist and Scantling, and $[illegible]@35 for White Pine Shingles. Laths are selling at $2@2 25 ⅌ M from the wharf.

PLASTER is dull at $4@4½ ⅌ ton.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed at $7,@7,50 ⅌ bus; Timothy is held at $3, and Flaxseed at $3,40 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quiet a 173@175c. Whiskey—900 bbls found buyers at 132@134c for refilled and prime pkgs, and 130@131c for Drudge.

SUGAR—The market is very quiet; sales Cuba at 17½@19½c ⅌ ℔, on the usual terms.

TALLOW—Sales city rendered at 14½@14¾c ⅌ ℔.

TOBACCO—Pennsylvania Seed Leaf is selling at from 6 to 10c for fillers, and 12 to 25c for wrappers.

WOOL—About 130,000 ℔s have been disposed of, mostly in small lots, at 83@85c for fleece, and 87@90c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized were from $12 to 18 ⅌ 100 ℔s. 240 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ⅌ head. 8000 Sheep were sold at from 6 to 8 cents ⅌ ℔. 3700 head Hogs brought from $10 to 12½ ⅌ 100 ℔s.

☞ Prentice says "Men talk fluently about scaling fortifications, who couldn't scale anything more important than a big fish."

☞ To bear evil speaking and illiterate judgment with equanimity is the highest bravery. It is, in fact, the repose of mental courage.

TO CLEAR THE HOUSE OF FLIES,
Use Dutcher's Celebrated
LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER,
a neat, cheap article, easy to use. Every sheet will kill a quart. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., 10th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, wholesale agents.
je18-8t

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30, 1859.
Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—
Gentlemen,—I am here with my family for a final visit with my friends, as we expect to leave again for Burmah in the Spring.
But whether here or in Burmah, we find that we cannot do without the *Pain Killer.* Indeed, it has become almost an *indispensable* article in our family. At least, *we* cannot anywhere find a medicine to take its place.
I shall wish to take back a large quantity with me for our Karens, but will not order it now. We have to use it so continually now, that we find it somewhat expensive to buy from the shops. * * * * * * *
I might say that I need it the more at this very time, as I am now, for the first time in my life, troubled with a rheumatic affection. Your Pain Killer was the only medicine that Mrs. Van Meter found to give her relief while suffering from this painful complaint in Burmah.
I remain yours, very truly,
H. L. VAN METER.

NEGLECTED COUGHS AND COLDS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold," in its first stage; that which, in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon preys upon the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" or Cough Lozenges, afford instant relief.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
The greatest known remedy. It strengthens, heals, purifies, promotes expectoration, and has cured very many hopeless cases of Consumption. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by Druggists and dealers. je4-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Saml. D. Day, Mr. ROBERT C. TITTERMARY, to Miss LIZZIE M. SCHELL, daughter of John J. Schell.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. N. S. Baldwin, Mr. AUGUSTUS KELLEY, to Miss LOUISA A., daughter of David Ellis, Esq., of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. JACOB B. KERN, to Miss ESTHER PARK, adopted daughter of John F. Kohler, Esq., both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. CASPAR HOFFMAN, to Miss EMILY G. STOWMAN, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, SAMUEL HARVEY, to Miss SALLIE E. RICHIE, both of this city.

On the 30th of May, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. JOHN S. MUSCHAMP, of Camden, N. J., to Miss ALICE B. CAUME, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, E. W. PATTERSON, in his 22d year.

On the 6th instant, MARY J. EVERETT, in her 30th year.

On the 6th instant, Mr. ROBERT GRAHAM, in his 26th year.

On the 6th instant, JOSEPH COX, in his 78th year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARY ENGELMAN, aged 76 years.

On the 5th instant, RICHARD R. YOUNG, in his 44th year.

On the 4th instant, JOHN W. GRAVES, in his 20th year.

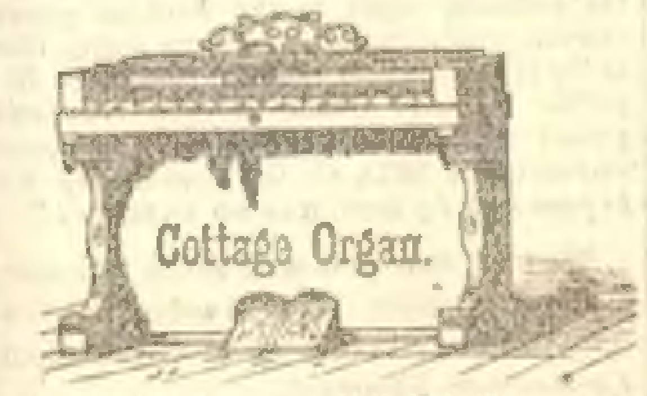
On the 4th instant, JOHN SMITH, in his 18th year.

On the 3d instant, CHARLES OLIVER, aged 40 years.

On the 3d instant, MARY ANN, wife of Isaiah Butler, in her 33d year.

EXTRA ATTENTION TO STRANGERS DURING THE SANITARY FAIR.
Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
EYRE & LANDELL,
mar12-1y 400 ARCH Street.

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS


Cottage Organ.

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS OF TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by
E. M. BRUCE,
No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je18-1y

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☞ THE EBONY CASKET, a thrilling story, and other interesting stories sent *free of postage* for 50 cents. Address as above. 1t

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$200,000,000.

This Loan is authorized by Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides for its REDEMPTION IN COIN, at any period not less than ten or more than forty years from its date, at the pleasure of the Government.

Until its Redemption, five per cent. interest is to be paid semi annually IN COIN.

Subscriptions to the Loan are received by the National Banks in United States notes or in such currency or other funds as are taken by them on deposit at par.

Its Exemption from State or Local Taxation adds from one to three per cent. per annum to its value.

The Rate of Interest on this loan, although but five per cent. in coin is as much greater in currency as the difference between the market value of currency and gold.

As a Rule, the five per cent. specie securities of all solvent governments are always par or above, and currency now funded in the National Loan, will be worth its face in gold, besides paying a regular and liberal percentage to the holder.

The authorized Amount of this loan is Two Hundred Million Dollars. The amount of subscriptions reported to the Treasury at Washington, up to June 4, has been

$67,017,850.

Subscriptions will be received by the TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES at Washington, and the ASSISTANT TREASURERS at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and by the
First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Second National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Third National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.

AND BY ALL NATIONAL BANKS
which are depositaries of Public money, and all
RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS
throughout the country, (acting as agents of the National Depositary Banks,) will furnish further information on application and
AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO
je18-4t SUBSCRIBERS.

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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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THE FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Chestnut Street above 10th. Open from 9 A. M. till 7 P. M., and from 8 till 10 in the evening.
Proceeds for the Sanitary Fair. 1t

New Sheet Music for the Piano Forte

The Sword that my brave boy wore. *J. G. Clark,* 30. I live for those who love me. *J. G. Clark,* 30. We shall be known above. *J. G. Clark,* 30. Do they pray for me at home. Song and Chorus. *Wm. A. Fiske,* 30. Tenting on the old Camp Ground. *Hutchinson Family,* 30. Tony Pastor's Medley. Adapted to the popular melody "The Cottage by the Sea," 30. Music Store Window. Medley Song and Chorus. *Frank Wilder,* 30. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.
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A SURE CURE FOR
These distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was furnished him in such a providential manner, that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found in any drug-store. Sent free to all on the receipt of five cents to prepay postage. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
1t No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW a little of everything relating to the human system, diet, air, marriage, etc., etc., read *revised and enlarged* edition of
MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.
Among the many subjects treated in this work are the following:—Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Liver, and Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Affections of the Urinary Organs, Barrenness, Rupture, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Neuralgia, How to Recover the Sight and throw aside Spectacles, Marriage, the Curious Marriage Customs of the World, Philosophy of Elopements, a Chapter for the Married, and a thousand things of value to married and single never written before, making, altogether, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 100 illustrations. Contents tables sent free by mail to all applicants, or the book forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $1,50. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., No. 1130 Broadway, N. Y. ap30-8t

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We desire to remind
DEALERS IN SEEDS,
Of the near approach of the season for sowing Turnip and Ruta Baga.
We shall be able to offer a large supply of all the approved varieties, and let it be observed,
Every Grain the Produce of
BLOOMSDALE.
We have not, and shall not have an ounce of Imported Seed.
OUR TURNIP SEED CIRCULAR
With Particulars of interest to Dealers in
SEEDS,
Will be mailed to all who apply.
DAVID LANDRETH & SON,
Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.
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SPRING OF 1864.
EXTENSIVE CLOTHING HOUSE,
Nos. 303 and 305 Chestnut Street,
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FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast
This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretions of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
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WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
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THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.
This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
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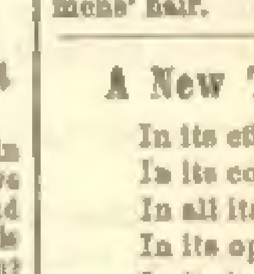
A UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.—By what we eat, by the air we breathe, or by the water we drink, we can be made sick; or by fatigue, or from debility induced by heat, because these effects end by producing impurity of blood. To regain health we must purify the blood, by the organs of the stomach and bowels; these organs must be continued in the regular performance of that duty which nature has assigned them, and should there be any impediment, to what does experience point?
BRANDRETH'S PILLS,
which cannot injure, and which will surely restore the bowels to the regular performance of their duties.
The dyspeptic, the bilious will find them a treasure of health and the same may be said to all who are sick in any way,—take Brandreth's Pills and be cured.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines.



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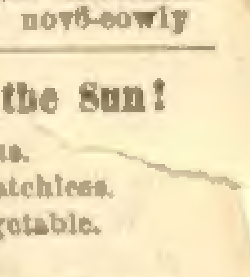

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair. nov6-eowly

A New Thing Under the Sun!
In its effect—instantaneous.
In its coloring power—matchless.
In all its ingredients—vegetable.
In its operation—natural.
In its beautifying results—enduring.
In its tendency—preservative.
In its popularity—unequalled.
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE
Is pronounced both by the WORLD OF SCIENCE and the WORLD OF FASHION, the finest preparation ever invented by art to rectify the short comings of Nature.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and grea vitality to the Hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, accordin to size. je4-eow2t

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VENETIAN LINIMENT
Has given universal satisfaction durin fourteen years it has been introduced int United States. After being tried by mil it has been proclaimed the pain destroyer o world. Pain cannot be where this linimen is applied. If used as directed it cannot and never has failed in a single instance. For colds, coughs and influenza, it can't be beat. One 25 cent bottle will cure all the above, besides being useful in every family for sudden accident such as burns, cuts scalds, insect stings, &c. is perfectly innocent to take internally, a be given to the oldest person or youngest
Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold b Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, York. je4 2teo

Wit and Humor.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

HARROLD.—Yure genus iz not fully born yet; when it gits born i think yu wil be a poeck. Yu hav got imaginashun enuff tew keep a livery stable. Yure landguage iz a leetle to florid; did yu ever travel in Florida? Tri agin—I notis one of yure lines haz 10 feet into it, and the next one haz only got 9 feet six inches, jist six inches short. Sum polks air born, and sum are manafakturd; the manafakturd ones are the moste stiddyest; tha aint so ap tew hanker after mint juleps. Yu ought to go up garrett when yu praktis, most awl good poeckry has been rit up garrett.

ABSOLUM.—Yure letter came saif tu hand. In reply i beg leaf tu stait that i am not the Eddiiur. I think the edditur, if he was tew hum, wud give yu employment. The sample of yure style, which yu enkloze, is smoothe. Yu are evidently a slippery writer. There iz a great demand, jist now, for contributors; thares the sanitara fund and the kontrarybuand fund, the General McClellan pus fund, and the furrin mission, and the 5 pints and bread for Ireland and pasifick rale rode stok and swords for Brigadeer Generals, and soup for the suffering, and the taxes; yu had better cum rite on, yu kant fail tew get sum ov these jobs. Respecfulla yures—J. B.

MILO.—Nex week we shall give yure centiments on Goff to the publik. I think jist edzackly as yu dew; John B. Goff iz huge on a lektur. He has got the art ov motioning out what he sez and what he don't sa. He wud have made a fust-rate theatre. One of his lekturs wud read a good deal (to a man who didn't understand musik) like the notes of yankee doodle. Yu kant reduse what he sez tew riting, enny more than yu kan play a sky rockt on a juise harp. Yu never saw enny thing he ever ced in a nuze paper, a reporter might az well undertake tew rite up the report ov a 6 shooter, az tew report him. Kant inform you, credibly, how much munny he has maid a lekturing awl i kan sa iz if he gets $100 00 a nite, and lekturs 500 nites in a year, it amounts tew $50,000 annoosally. I kant inform yu tew a dead sertaintee whether he iz marrid or not; if he iz marrid i'll bet a settin ov hens eggs that a kurtain lektur in that famillee wouldn't pay for the advertizing.

HARD ROAD.—Yure essa has sum good [illegible] not jis the thing for a religus nuzepaper, like ours; send it tu "Wilkes' Spirit," a paper that knows how to talk hoss. I will merely suggest that pedigree iz not important for a fast trotting hoss; if he kan trot fast, never mind the pedigree. Thare iz a grate menny fast men, even, who haint got no pedigree. Thare aint much art in driving a trotting hoss; jist hold them bak hard, and holler them ahead hard, that's awl. A hoss will trot the fastest down hill, espeshilla if the briching brakes. Kuller is no kriterion. I have seen awful mean hosses, of awl kullers, excep green; I never cee a mean one ov this kuller. Hosses liv tew an honorabild old age, and i hav oftin seen them that appeared fully prepared for death. Heathins are alwus kind to hosses; it iz only amung Christian people that a hoss haz tew trot 3 mile heats, in a hot da, for $25,000 in kounterfeit munny.

AN INCIDENT OF SHILOH.

During the battle of Shiloh, an officer hurriedly rode up to an aid and inquired for Grant.

"That's him with the field-glass," said the aid.

Wheeling his horse about, the officer furiously rode up to the General, and touching his cap, thus addressed him:

"Sheneral, I vants to make one report; Schwartz's Battery is took."

"Ah," says the General; "how was that?"

"Vell, you see, Sheneral, de t—d sheshenist come up in front of us, and de t—d sheshenist flanked us, and de t—d sheshenists came in de rear of us, and Schwartz's Battery vas took."

"Well, sir," says the General, "you of course spiked the guns."

"Vat!" exclaimed the Dutchman in astonishment; "schpike dem guns—schpike dem new guns! No, it would schpoil dem."

"Well," said the General, sharply, "what did you do?"

"Dot vy, we took dem back again!"

SOME newspaper w[illegible] tells a story of an gentleman whose eight or ten clerks d him continually with conundrums. ng home one evening, he was stopped in nt of a closed store by a countryman, o asked: "Can you tell me, my friend, hy this store is closed?" "Go to thunder!" cried he, "with your conundrums. I've been bored to death with them these three weeks!"

☞ The iron mountain of Missouri is exactly in the geographical centre of the ited States. It is an almost solid mass specular iron ore, rising from a level ain 260 feet. Its base covers 500 acres. he ore contains sixty-seven per cent. of on.

THE MYSTERIES OF MENAGERIES.

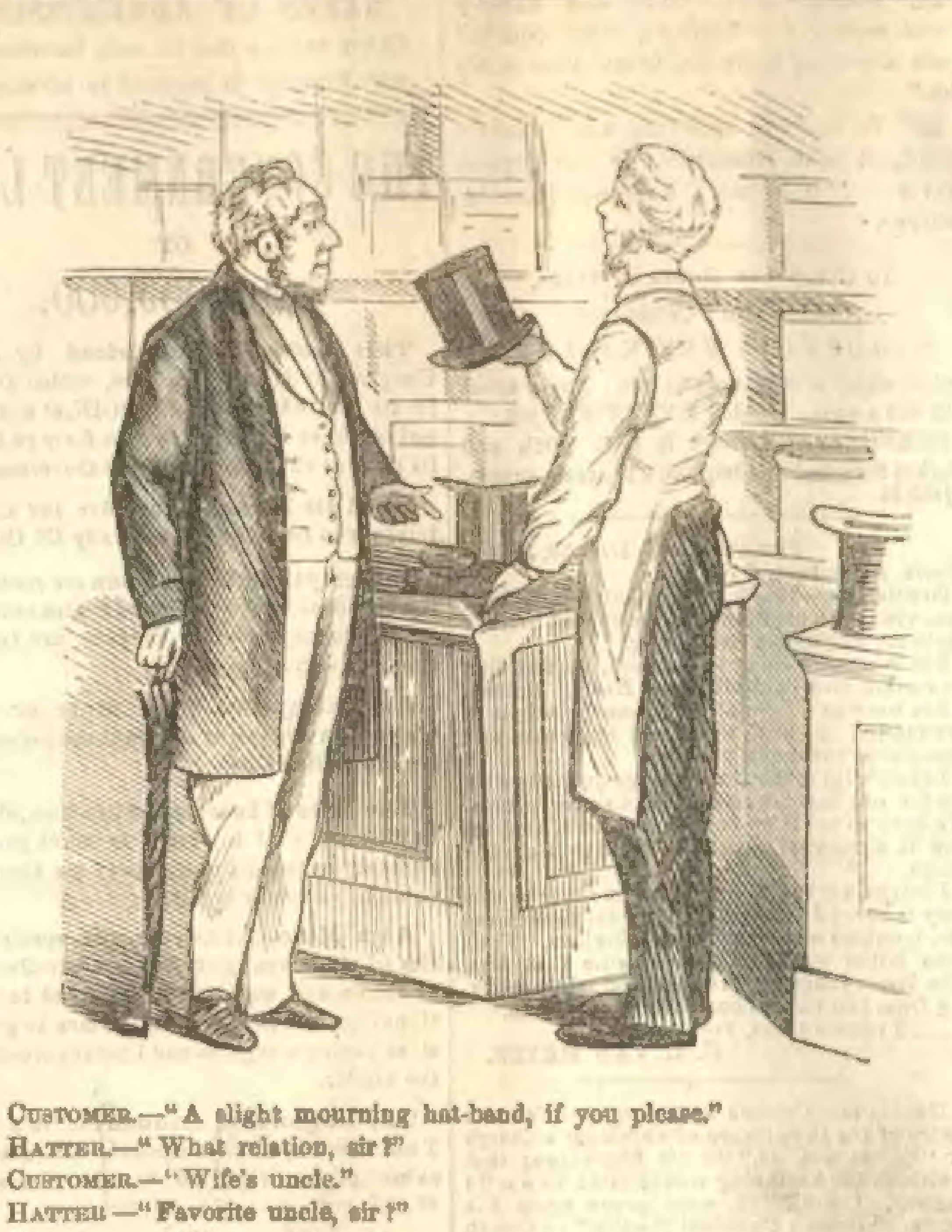
Not many men can "keep a hotel," but fewer yet, we believe, can keep a menagerie. The undertaking, to be successful, requires a peculiar knowledge which is in the possession of very few. The capital invested in the Van Amburgh collection, the oldest and only complete menagerie in this country, and which many thousands of our citizens have visited, is not less than $150,000. It contains two hundred animals, and employs, when on its travels through the country not less than ninety-four men, and one hundred and thirty-four horses. When in travelling order the whole collection can move at an average rate of eighteen miles a day, and on a summer tour makes a circuit of not less than three thousand miles. The daily expenses, when travelling, are not under $500. The animals are subject to various diseases; they die, and that at such a rate that in the present collection there are but six animals which were in it six years ago. With some few exceptions, the menagerie is entirely renewed once in every five years. The proprietors are constantly purchasing new animals; they have agents in various parts of the world; and the expense of such renewals may be guessed, when we say that the beasts added to the menagerie now on Broadway, since last spring, cost thirty thousand dollars. To spend such sums judiciously, to buy only healthy animals, likely to live, and to keep them in good condition, requires experience only gained in many years. Of course the life of a lion, a royal Bengal tiger, or a giraffe, cannot be insured. The most eager life insurance company would not take such risks. The finest animal in the collection may die any day, and thousands of dollars are lost.

The price of a lion, or any other animal, varies greatly. Sometimes the lion market is glutted. A fine Bengal tiger has been sold in London for two hundred dollars, but the common price for a healthy pair of young lions is thirty-five hundred dollars. The three polar bears now in the Broadway collection, cost the proprietors four thousand dollars. Most of the animals caught for menageries are first taken to England. In London there are two or three animal brokers, who make it their business to receive and to sell on commission anything from an elephant to a ring-tailed monkey. The finest giraffe ever brought to this country was caught by an American, who went to Africa for the purpose, and was gone eighteen months on that business. Hannibal, the largest elephant ever exhibited, has been in this country thirty-three years. When he was first brought hither he was bought by an enterprizing butcher in the Bowery, who kept him in a horse stable for a year before he was exhibited. He was bought on speculation, and the unlucky butcher lost by him. He was afterwards purchased by Van Amburgh, and has been in this collection many years.

Lions and all other animals of the cat kind suffer when imported into this country, from a kind of consumption. They wheeze, lose flesh, their lungs become diseased, and they finally waste away and die. When one of these great beasts die, he is submitted to the faculty, and it is a pleasant evidence that the proprietors are not merely "showmen," but have an intelligent interest in these wonders of nature, that they have for many years contributed their defunct specimens to the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, in whose halls may be found at the present time some skeletons of lions, tigers, and other animals famous in their day.

In the subdivision of labor one man takes charge of four cages, to clean, feed and attend upon all the wants of the occupants. The flesh-eating animals are fed but once a day, and not at all on Sundays. The monkeys and other animals are fed twice a day. The elephants seem to brouse all day long. None but good beef is fed, and it must not have the slightest grain of salt upon it. Water is given four or five times a day. A full-grown lion eats from fifteen to eighteen pounds of meat per day. An elephant's rations are three hundred pounds of hay and two bushels of oats per day when he is travelling, when standing still he gets no oats, but an additional hundred weight of hay. The elephants lie down when they go to sleep. Two barrels of water moisten each elephant's daily hay.

Not unfrequently animals bring forth young. Some dozens of lions have been born in this country, but only very few live to cut their second set of teeth.—There is now in the menagerie a lion of good size, born three or four years ago in Georgia. He is a very savage animal and only submits to his master who nursed him tenderly when young, and whose voice to this day will quell him when most furious. Lions generally produce three or four at a litter. The two young leopards in the exhibition are from Wisconsin. They are fed only on cooked meat, and occasional rations of beef broth. Until the young are two months old, they cannot be exhibited, on account of the jealousy of the mother, who sometimes kills her young in her frantic efforts to get them out of the way when strangers are staring at them. She will pick them up in her mouth and fling them against the back of the cage to get them out of sight. For this reason, when a lioness or a tigress has a young family, she is shut off from the outer world and kept in wholesome quiet till her nerves acquire some tone, and she is able to receive visitors and exhibit her cubs without too great agitation.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*



CUSTOMER.—"A slight mourning hat-band, if you please."
HATTER.—"What relation, sir?"
CUSTOMER.—"Wife's uncle."
HATTER.—"Favorite uncle, sir?"
CUSTOMER.—"'Um—well, yes."
HATTER.—"May I ask, sir, are you mentioned in the will?"
CUSTOMER.—"No such luck."
HATTER (to his assistant, briskly).—"Couple o' inches, John!"

SEEDS.

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

THE EXPRESSION OF DRESS.—Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their natures, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets—they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or the blush-rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then, you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful—*Meredith.*

☞ Lorenzo Dow, the itinerant preacher, so famous in his life time for his eccentricity, commenced his sermon on one occasion, by reading from St. Paul, "I can do all things." The preacher paused, took off his spectacles, laid them on the open Bible, and said—"No, Paul, you're mistaken for once; I'll bet you five dollars you can't, and stake the money." At the same time putting his hand in his pocket, he took out a five dollar bill, laid it on the Bible, took up his spectacles again, and read, "——through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Ah, Paul," exclaimed the preacher, snatching up the five dollar bill and returning it to his pocket—"that's a different matter; the bet's withdrawn."

A BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.—A correspondent of the Herald tells the following good story:—During General Birney's recent raid through Florida, a bright little girl was found alone at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She was rather non-committal, for she did not know whether the troops were Union or Rebel. Two fine dogs made their appearance whilst a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gilmore and Beauregard. "Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em."

☞ There is but *one* pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficult an advancement, and every contest a victory: and this is the pursuit of Virtue.

☞ PATIENCE.—Said one to Mrs. Wesley, "How can you have the patience to teach the same thing twenty times over to your child?" "Why," said she, "if I had said it only nineteen times and given over, I should have lost all my labor. It was the twentieth time that fixed it."

Agricultural.

OWNERSHIP OF HIGHWAYS.

Our readers have long known the ground always taken by us on the question—a highly important one to farmers—as to the ownership of the public highways. We held that no local authority, not even a Legislature, had the power, under the constitution, to take away from the proprietors of the land over which a common road passes, their fee simple ownership—that the right of way only was vested in the public; and that all vegetation and fruit growing upon such land—all minerals found beneath it, belonged to them. As to the correctness of this view, the following report of a case, growing out of this question, which was decided quite recently, by the Supreme Court of Connecticut, will be read with interest:—

The case arose in this way:—The selectmen of Simsbury had, for certain sum of money, granted a man a license to turn a cow into the highway. The owner of a tract of land bordering on the road adjoining his premises claimed the feed growing adjoining his premises was his property, and not the property of the town. He brought a suit for trespass, which went to the Supreme Court, and was decided in his favor. The court held that in opening a highway, the fee simple, the absolute ownership of the soil, was not vested in the public, but only the right of way. The public had control of a road as far as was necessary to make a convenient passage but no farther. If a road were abandoned by the public, it again became part of the property from which it was originally taken, and this was additional proof that the title to the soil occupied by the highway was vested in the owners of the land adjoining. The public have nothing but the right of the way: the grass and feed on the road were therefore the private property of adjoining landowners.

The following are the words of the Court: "*The owner of land covered by a highway has the exclusive right to the herbage growing thereon and a by law of a town giving liberty to the inhabitants to pasture their cows in the public highway under certain regulations passed under the authority of a general statute (Acts 1855, ch. 64) empowering towns to pass such by laws,* HAS NO VALIDITY."

We trust that this will settle the case in all time to come. The decision applies as fully to Pennsylvania as to Connecticut.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE QUANTITY OF BUTTER INCREASED BY WATER.—A New York dairyman furnishes the following advice for the Genesee Farmer:—

There has a great deal been said about butter-making, but I thought, as I had had a little experience, I might offer a few hints that may be of use to some of your many readers. When cows are feeding on dry feed, the milk is thicker or richer than when feeding on juicy grasses; then add warm water, when setting the milk, in quantities sufficient to make it as the milk from ordinary cows in May or June. The milk from some cows in the spring and summer months is very thick or rich; then add cold water, if the weather be hot. I have practiced the above, and it has increased the quantity from one to three pounds per cow, each week.

JUNE THE TIME TO PRUNE FRUIT TREES.—E. D. Wright, in the Genesee Farmer, contends that June is the proper season to prune fruit trees, offering as the ground of his faith the following reasons, which we put in a condensed form:—

1. A limb being cut off before the growing season, both wood and bark will dry and die back where the cut is made. What it thus loses while waiting for the growing season must be made up by the growth of *new wood* when that season arrives. Nature undertakes to heal the wound by growing it over with this new wood, but much time is lost before it will grow up from the point where life still remains, between the bark and the wood, to the place where it would be if the cut were made in May or June, instead of February or March.

2. Where a limb is cut off before the growing season, and before or at the time of the spring flow of sap, the sap must come to the surface where cut, and there be evaporated or fermented, leaving the wood sour and lifeless, and liable soon to rot.

AN EXTRAORDINARY APPLE TREE.—Mr. Isaac Page of Lowell has an apple tree which never blossoms, and yet is loaded every year with fruit. Grafts from it blossom. The seeds are frequently partially or wholly exposed to view at the outside of the "blow" end of the fruit, while the centre of the fruit is as compact as that of a turnip.

TO RELIEVE CHOKING CATTLE.—Put one arm over the neck, so as to have one hand on each side; find the substance that the animal is choked with; then place your thumb below it on each side, and shove it gently up into the mouth.

Useful Receipts.

CLEANSING MAPLE SUGAR.—When ready to cleanse the syrup, beat *well* two eggs to each gallon of syrup, add them thereto; stirring a while after placing over the fire. Have ready some clean, cold sap, or water, and if like to boil before, add enough cold sap or water to prevent boiling till it can be well skimmed. Then add more cold sap or water, [illegible] from the bottom of the kettle, a[illegible]ore sediment rises, repeat the skimming.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PLAIN BISCUITS.—Mix 1 pound of flour and ½ pound of sugar, and rub in ½ pound of butter. Mix in 1 ounce of carraway seeds, a little broken, two well-beaten eggs, and a wineglass of sweet wine. Mix all well together, roll the dough out thin; cut out the biscuits, and bake them in a rather quick oven.

TO PRESERVE MILK.—Milk may be preserved a long time sweet—say several weeks, at least—in the following simple manner: Pour fresh milk into glass bottles, then set the bottles into a kettle of cold water,—placing a board for the bottles to stand on—and gradually bring the water to the boiling point, and then cork and seal tight, as in putting up tomatoes, etc.

THE BEST TIME TO PAINT HOUSES.—Experiments have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun will be much more durable if applied in Autumn or Spring than if put on during hot weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms a hard glossy coat, tough like glass, while if applied in warm weather the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rain.

ALMOND LEMON BISCUITS.—The ingredients to provide are ½ pounds of almonds, six new-laid eggs, 1 pound of loaf sugar, finely powdered, the rinds of three lemons, ½ pound of fine flour, and a little orange-flower water. Blanch and beat the almonds, adding to them by degrees the whites of the six eggs, well beaten to a froth, and a little orange-flower water. Add by little and little the sugar, grate in the rinds of three lemons. Beat up the yolks of the eggs and mix them in, and add ½ pound of flour. Bake them in small pans, well buttered, which should be about half full. Sift fine sugar over them when they go into the oven.

RATIFIA CAKES.—Blanch 4 ounces of bitter and 2 ounces of sweet almonds. Pound them in a mortar, mixing in the whites of two eggs, well beaten, 1 pound of pounded loaf sugar, and a little noyeau. Beat the whole well, and, when it is light, drop it in small cakes upon paper, and bake on tins.

CURE FOR A FELON.—As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia and wrap the part affected with cloth, saturate it thoroughly with tincture, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known this to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

HOW TO PREPARE TOMATOES.—The following method of preparing tomatoes for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for the preparation of that excellent vegetable: Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then add claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are mostly prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor, more nearly resembling the strawberry than anything else.

☞ The softer the head the harder the work of driving anything into it.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 15, 4, 20, 13, 16, is the name of one
Generals.
My 11, 25, 1, 15, 14, 30, is the name of
our Generals.
My 1, 17, 3, is the name of one of our Ge
My 7, 1, 39, 11, 23, 2, is the name of one
Generals.
My 29, 8, 5, 11, 28, 30, is the name of one
Generals.
My 2, 1, 30, 23, 24, 17, 26, 27, 30, is the na
one of our Generals.
My 2, 13, 9, 6, is the name of one of our
rals, killed.
My 30, 23, 18, 11, 25, is the name of one o
Generals, deceased.
My 19, 6, 8, 29, 25, is the name of one o
Generals.
My 13, 6, 17, 19, 1, 11, 26, 15, is the name o
our Generals, deceased.
My 7, 6, 1, 11, 4, is the name of one of o
modores, deceased.
My 20, 22, 18, 11, 25, is the name of one o
Generals, deceased.
My 30, 1, 8, 11, 25, 22, 6, 8, 21, 11, 20, 16, 2
where a bloody battle was fought du
this rebellion.

My whole is the name of a well known b[illegible]eneficial Order in this city. S. &
Philadelphia.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING P[illegible]ST.

My first, in faith sought,
Is equal in thought
To that in the wisest intender.
My second is found
Of loyalty sound,
In stations of honor and splendor.

My third stands in light,
And purity bright,
Of worth and distinction appearing.
My fourth freely shares
In trials and cares;
Is seen, too, in works rich and cheering.

My fifth, though of gay
And stylish display,
Is good in employment, and trust
My whole should be made,
"In toil and in trade,"
Man's aim, to act wisely and justly.

Rose Hill, Ill. E. C. ROSE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'm formed of three syllables, you'll very soo[illegible]n find.
My first is a Latin word, meaning "under, b[illegible]hind."
My second's the title of lassies from school.
My third is what all do to a fool.
My whole must surely come from secession,
Or show them what 'tis to start aggression.
CHAL.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find seven integral square numbers whose sum shall be a square number.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Says Tom to Harry: "When I divide my apples by either 5 or by 7, then I will have 4 for a remainder." Says Harry to Tom: "When I divide my apples by either 6 or 8, then 3 will remain." Which had the most apples, Harry or Tom? And by how many?

PETER PLAIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the 22d of July, 1851, in lat. 43 deg. N., I placed myself in an erect position upon a plank, and turned my back towards the sun, and observed the length of the shadow cast by my height and the sun was 8 feet. Required, the time of day, my height being 5 ft. 8 in.?

S. G. CAGROIN.
Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a greedy man like another with a short memory? Ans.—Because he's always for-getting.

☞ What question is that to wh[illegible] must always answer, Yes? Ans.—W[illegible] y-e-s spell?

☞ What is the most sifting quest[illegible]son can be asked? Ans.—A riddle.

☞ Why does a garret put you in mind of a part of the sea? Ans.—Because it is a-dry-attic (Adriatic.)

☞ What trees can you not destro[illegible]y fire? Ans.—Ashes.

☞ Why is a sword like beer? Ans.—Because it's no use till it's drawn.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—The Emancipation Proclamation. CHARADE—Oxford. RIDDLE—Dove.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM by A. Martin, published May 7th:

[illegible]

Walter Sively, J. N. Soders, and A. Martin.